TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

"THE King is dead; long live the King." Last week it was announced that Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson had resigned the Presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway, and it is now further announced that after the turn of the year Charles M. Hays will be titular head of this corporation as well as its working chief.

The resignation of Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson and the appointment of the "man on the ground" breaks the last connecting link between the Grand Trunk as it was and the Grand Trunk as it is; between a railway operated on old-world lines and one organized and operated with all the zest and spirit of the new world.

Casting back a dozen years or so, how different the *personnel* and the spirit; what a change, from the old regime to the new! In the old, old days the then general manager of the Grand Trunk reached his office—when he went down at all—in a carriage resplendent with paint and varnish, to which was hitched a couple of prancing horses of good English blood. There was a coachman in front and a footman behind, and an old-world flavor withal.

Everybody had a private car in those days. It was no trick for even an under official to invite all his family and his friends' families for a jaunt to the Maine coast. Then, again, the yard men of the Grand Trunk were so handy. They kept the sidewalks in front of the official residences clear in winter, stoked the furnaces, and made themselves generally useful, for which services the Grand Trunk paid the bills. Then, again, it was such a good method of disposing of the sons of rich English shareholders. In those times, young men, dapper and dandy, were so thick at headquarters that there were not sufficient chairs to sit on, nor desks to lean upon. There were Dukes' sons, and Earls' sons, and the sons of Barons. They followed hounds between times and were notable acquisitions to Montreal society. But, alas, there were no railway men among them.

Then a change came. Even the English stockholders with younger sons to tether out, began to realize that the Grand Trunk was a "dead one." They were not making operating expenses, not to speak of dividends.

The management looked about for a man to undo all that they had done; a man who would take the axe by the handle, and who was not afraid to strike. So they spied Charles Melville Hays, who at the time was vice-president of the Wabash system. It was in October, 1895, that Mr. Hays loomed on the scene. He came over with a five year contract, and $25,000 a year, resolved to make a road of the Grand Trunk system or bust.

It goes almost without saying that there was consternation in Montreal railway circles and along the Grand Trunk lines from one end of the country to the other. The accumulation, the litter of years, had to be disposed of. Men were drawing pay without having any idea of earning it. The house cleaning which Mr. Hays inaugurated was not a matter of minutes or days, but of months. Each man was tried out carefully. If he filled the bill, and was worth what the company was paying him, he stayed, and if he was useless or next to useless, he got a blue envelope at the end of the month. Officials were sent for from one end of the system to the other, and when they arrived in Montreal they were interviewed by either Mr. Hays or Mr. McGuigan, the six-foot assistant whom the new general manager brought along with him, and who knew his chief's methods from long association on the Wabash.

It was no mean task to jerk life and discipline into a corporation which had for years been ill with the sleeping sickness, but Charles Melville Hays did the trick.

As for the man who now leaves the Presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway, this may be said: Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson was by far the most up-to-date and progressive President that the Grand Trunk has had up to the arrival of Mr. Hays. If he did not know how to run a railway, he at least was willing to take advice from those who did, and this is something.

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THE Ontario Motor League is wise in making application to Sir James Whitney for the passing of prohibitory measures in the Legislature against "joy-riders." If auto owners have a *bete-noir*, it is the "joy-rider"—the fellow who takes your auto out after hours, gets on board a few friends, ordinarily of both sexes, and has what is usually put under the general heading of "a good time."

The clause the League asks the Legislature to adopt is modelled upon that now in force in New York State, and reads as follows: "Any chauffeur or other person who, without the consent of the owner, shall take or cause to be taken from a garage, stable or other building or place an automobile or motor vehicle and operate or drive or cause the same to be operated or driven for his own profit, use or other purpose, steals the same and is guilty of larceny and shall be punished accordingly."

The automobile owner is usually a responsible citizen, with some stake in the country, as well as a good round investment in the form of a benzine buggy, and is about the last person in the world to wish to place himself at variance with the average foot passenger, horseman or other occupant of the highways.

A stiff campaign against the "joy-rider," whose responsibilities are as near zero as his morals, will do much toward bringing the auto and its owner into good repute.

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THE New York Herald recently published a most remarkable series of attacks upon the Newfoundland enterprises of Lord Northcliffe. In explanation, it might be mentioned that several years ago the attention of Sir Alfred Harmsworth (now Lord Northcliffe) was directed Newfoundlandward. He saw possibilities in that country. He realized that pulpwood and the finished product, white paper, with which to feed his presses, running the gamut, as his publications do, from The London Daily Mail to his original little weekly Answers, would be one of the problems of the future. He rightly judged that each year the question of supply would become more problematical; that the time would come when the western world would be on a hunt for still unapproached spruce forests or busy inventing a process by which news print could be produced from other and cheaper materials.

Realizing all these things, Lord Northcliffe prepared for the future by gathering in some two thousand and odd square miles of Newfoundland timber lands, and by erecting plants, including pulp mills, paper mills, model towns, and all that goes with a great enterprise of this character, situated as the plants are far away from the centres of civilization. Six million dollars is said to have been Lord Northcliffe's expenditure in the Newfoundland wilds, and as I write this, Lord Northcliffe is on the ground himself.

James Gordon Bennett's paper, The New York Herald, now takes occasion to attack these enterprises in a manner almost without precedent in the history of the newspaper world. On October 6, The Herald published two full pages, with illustrations. This article, evidently prepared with a great deal of care, was not the work of a day nor a week. It bears on its face and in every line the imprint of a carefully concocted plan to discredit both Lord Northcliffe and his enterprise. On the ninth, tenth and eleventh of October, Mr. Bennett's paper followed along with other articles of the same general character, and then to cap the climax, utilizes some of its editorial space to pronounce upon Lord Northcliffe's "astonishing investment."

The truth or falsity of The New York Herald's allegations are beside the question. What I would like to know is: By what right James Gordon Bennett's paper meddles in Lord Northcliffe's private business? It is true that Lord Northcliffe incorporated the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, Ltd., but Lord Northcliffe finances his own propositions, and I have good reason to believe that neither James Gordon Bennett nor any other man has been asked to buy a dollar's worth of stock.

If Lord Northcliffe's Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company was a stock jobbing proposition (which it isn't), and the shares were being peddled right and left (which they are not), there might, under certain circumstances, be some justification in this attack, for it lies within the functions of a journal to caution its readers, when it can, against doubtful enterprises. But in this instance, as I said before, The Herald has no grounds, admitting even for the sake of argument that all they allege is true.

The Herald begins by telling its readers that out of the two thousand and odd square miles of timber lands, five hundred square miles are swamp and barren, and that over a greater part of the remainder a succession of forest fires (which occurred years previous to Lord Northcliffe's inspection of the property), had made a greater part of the remainder valueless for his purposes.

Not content with this, however, The Herald goes on to throw discredit upon his model towns, upon his store system, upon his "paternal attitude toward his humble retainers." The latter remark is occasioned by the fact that Lord Northcliffe sent out last Christmas a present of "$2,000 to be expended in Christmas presents to enhance their somewhat limited merriment," is the expression used in Mr. Bennett's paper.

Then, as a matter of supreme impudence, the busy person who put together these scurrilous articles goes to work and makes freight rates (abnormally high ones by the way) for the Reid Railway, the assumption being that the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company will be obliged to utilize the Reid Railway to a large extent and will be skinned in the process.

Of course, the whole article from beginning to end tends first of all to throw discredit upon Lord Northcliffe, and secondly, upon Newfoundland enterprises. And now it occurs to me to ask the question: What is the cause of James Gordon Bennett's animosity toward Lord Northcliffe? for, of course, it is a fairly safe presumption that The Herald would not dare inaugurate such a campaign against a personal enterprise without orders from headquarters, and while Mr. Bennett resides in Europe, he is ever on the cable end of The Herald's news and editorial policy. Has Lord Northcliffe invaded Mr. Bennett's European newspaper preserves, and is Mr. Bennett afraid that this sturdy Englishman will take the war in Africa by invading the American field? Well, I wonder!

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NOT a Canadian daily, Grit or Tory, has, so far as I have observed, made a remark editorially respecting the Sir Frederick Borden libel suit. But under the circumstances, how could they?

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WHAT a disappointment! Here we were getting all ready to take our coats off because of the report, emanating from Windsor, Ont., that the United States Government was secretly loading down the training ship Don Juan d'Austria with heavy artillery, and now Washington denies the gentle allegation. It seems that the Don Juan d'Austria, which is an old tub captured from the Spaniards during the recent unpleasantness, has been loaned to the State of Michigan as a training ship for the naval reserves, but there is no evident intention (at least Washington disclaims any such notion) of making, or attempting to make, a modern war vessel of her. There are many of us, of course, who would like to believe that the United States has serious intentions of loading up the Great Lakes with warships, for then we would have at least a trifling excuse for expending the public's good money on a Canadian navy.

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"THOU shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." So reads the Good Book. But the Toronto courts have also decided that bearing false witness against thy neighbor's house is also illegal, and thereby hangs a tale: A well-known local clergyman with literary aspirations and some time on his hands evolved a ghost story. Now ghost stories of the Edgar Allan Poe type are innocent enough reading, but the Toronto clergyman made the fatal mistake of tacking the story on to the Pape avenue residence of a Toronto gentleman, Mark Maynard by name.

After polishing up his literary effort, the same was disposed of to The Toronto World. Whether The World paid space rates for the ghost story, or whether the clergyman considered himself amply recompensed by seeing the same in print, the deponent saith not. Anyhow, the story being published, people flocked to the Pape avenue house. Mr. Maynard deposed at the trial that curious people broke down his shrubs, damaged his garden, and made nuisances of themselves generally.

So it was that Mr. Mark Maynard brought the matter to the attention of the court by suing The Toronto World for damages, and the claim was allowed to the tune of $100 in a jury trial before Mr. Justice Britton.

That the tale must have been what is technically known in newspaper circles as "good stuff," is evinced from the fact that curious people swallowed it whole, and it is also evident that this author-clergyman was a descriptive writer of no mean attainment, for while he did not name the property which suffered the granted damages, scores of people with occupations minus and curiosity plus, ploughed their way over Mr. Maynard's preserves, having recognized and located the wealth of detail which our clerical literary light incorporated into his ghost story.

It was a wise Providence that decreed Salem as Nathaniel Hawthorne's birthplace and not Toronto, else the world might either have missed "The House with the Seven Gables," or Hawthorne might have been fined for having written it.

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THE reception to be accorded Mrs. Pankhurst, suffragette, on this side of the Atlantic does not promise to be over-cordial, at least, among women who have so far espoused the cause in the United States. For instance, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, president of the Equal Franchise League, with headquarters in New York city, states in an interview that she will not receive Mrs. Pankhurst personally, and the League over which Mrs. Mackay presides will in no wise give the militant suffragette official recognition. Mrs. Mackay, wife of Clarence Mackay, whose father, during his lifetime, was first a miner, then President of the Commercial Cable Company, and altogether one of the finest characters that American business life has produced, is a woman of no mean attainments. She is a writer of marked culture, and stands out almost alone among the rich women of the American metropolis, as one who believes that there are things greater than "society" and the joys of a day. As President of the Equal Franchise League, Mrs. Mackay believes in votes for women, but she also believes that the franchise will be granted them in due course, and that without any of the absurd antics of Mrs. Pankhurst and her ilk.

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A CANADIAN militia officer, Captain R. L. Calder, of the 64th Regiment, before the members of the Nomad's Club in Montreal the other evening, ventured the opinion that the militia of the Dominion as now organized and run from the Ottawa headquarters is not worth the price which is yearly assessed upon the Canadian taxpayer. Of course, this is a very general opinion among experienced military officers, but it is not often that one can be found who will voice such sentiments in public.

Captain Calder, according to the newspaper accounts of his address, very frankly stated that the six million annually expended upon the militia is largely wasted, through no fault of the line officers or the men, but mainly for the reason that those at the head of the militia department at Ottawa are not up to the work of organizing a force upon up-to-date and efficient lines.

As everyone knows, military jobs, like other jobs in Ottawa, mainly go by favor. Military efficiency at headquarters is, and has been for years past, subservient to political wirepulling. I could, I imagine, name a dozen officers who have from time to time left the service in disgust, for as it happened they were soldiers and not politicians, and they looked in vain for a square deal.

There are departments other than the Marine that require some public attention; Brother Borden's is an example.

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WHETHER the grossness of the early theatre caused the unfriendly attitude of the Church toward the theatre, or whether the condemnation of the Church deteriorated the character of the playhouses, is a fine question. The condemnation of the Church, however, has sometimes been most unreasonable."

The above quotation is taken from a daily newspaper account of a sermon preached last Sunday at the Bond street Congregational church by the Rev. Byron H. Stauffer, pastor; and I deal with it here mainly for the reason that it seems to me to be a moderate, fair and rational presentation of the case, in direct contradiction to the immoderate, not to say unreasonable views, recently expressed by another Toronto clergyman who warned his hearers against theatres because Anna Held in a sensational interview told young women to "shun the stage as you would the plague."

"The theatre," said the Rev. Mr. Stauffer, whom I will take the liberty of quoting to some length, "must have something in it for mankind when you consider that it employs the finest of the fine arts, in which physical culture, voice culture, and instrumental music combine. Since, despite the assailing of the Church, fully half of the population of Toronto the Good, attends the theatre, it no longer behooves us indiscriminately to condemn the playhouse.

"The only course for the Church to pursue, is to advise its people to employ discrimination and moderation in the selection of all recreations. The class of plays that decent people should avoid, embraces those false ideals, those which cast slurs at sacred things; those of improper dress, or of suggestive words and actions. People should not countenance apparel on the stage which would not be admitted to a parlor.

"I have been asked whether Anna Held's warning to young women 'to shun the stage as you would the plague' should deter us from theatre attendance. I answer that if the morals of players are necessarily lowered by what they do on the stage, then the Church could not consent to the theatre as a healthy amusement. But nothing in acting, elocution, or singing necessarily lowers a man's character. I cannot inquire as to whether every ball player on the Pittsburg and Detroit teams is of clean morals before consenting to sit down to watch a championship game. If Sara Bernhardt were to come to town with a good clean play, it would hardly do to

make her private life the basis of declining to hear her.

"I therefore answer my correspondent, that the morals of players being more an incident of their travelling from city to city, and of their hotel life, I should therefore not in a wholesale way condemn the theatre on account of the morals of some players. The good plays should be encouraged; the bad plays should be hooted off the stage."

I believe with the Rev. Mr. Stauffer, that first of all people must recognize the stage as an established institution. With that as a basis the next thing is to make it what it should be, and that lies chiefly with the people themselves. Because Anna Held warns women to shun the stage proves nothing. I may say in the first place with all due respect to Miss Held, that she never has and never will stand for what is best in stageland. A woman who deals in salacious, unwholesome stage presentations is hardly, under the circumstances, an authority to be quoted, as was done recently by the Toronto clergyman in warning his hearers against the theatre.

We will, in this world, have stage performances dangerously near the line of immorality just so long as the public taste demands it. Let Miss Held come to one of our best theatres and sing "Won't you come and play wiz me," and at the rival house, let us say, Miss Viola Allan is presenting "Twelfth Night." Miss Held will take in at the box office two dollars to Miss Allan's one, and more is the pity.

Here is a condition which must be faced. There is no use preaching against the theatre as a whole. For hundreds of years this has been tried and has failed signally, chiefly for the reason that no discrimination has been shown. The preacher has seldom separated the sheep from the goats in attacking the stage, which in all fairness he should have done.

The masses demand the stage amusements and will have them whether or no, and I take it therefore to be one of the duties of clergymen to face this condition as the Rev. Mr. Stauffer has done, and throw their weight not only against the bad stage performance, but with the good one as well.

If people can be elevated to that condition of mind where they will pass the questionable play and patronize the good one, then immorality in stageland will fall of its own weight and die its own death.

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WILLIAM TAFT has broken all Presidential precedents. He has, while President of the United States, left the sacred soil of that Republic, for on Saturday last he dined with President Dias in the little town of Juarez, Mexico. A curious unwritten law is that which has heretofore prevented a President of the United States from setting foot outside his own country during his term of office. Just how or why or when this custom originated no one seems to know, but in the span of a hundred and twenty years, from Washington's time until now, no President has, so far as I am aware, ever set foot outside his own country; for while Roosevelt visited Panama during his term of office, the United States had previous to his visit taken possession and were governing that immediate section of territory.

As a matter of fact the Presidents of the United States have not as a rule been great travellers, either before or after their terms of office. A notable exception was General Grant who travelled around the world when the responsibilities of office were no more, and now Ex-President Roosevelt will unquestionably become a more familiar figure in Europe. The case of President Taft, however, is somewhat exceptional, for in the course of his work as an official of the previous administration he visited many of the far corners of the earth, and now he is the first to break through the old custom of staying at home while occupying office as the chief Executive of the nation.

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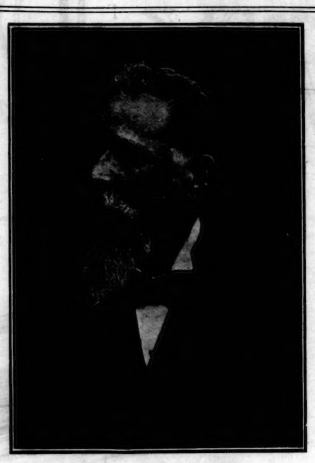
AN indignant feminine correspondent chides SATURDAY NIGHT for "disseminating ridicule of country folk and country life," and accuses the editorial staff of this paper of being absolutely ignorant of all things rural. A recent bit of funning on the "Points About People" page entitled "Life is Queer in Lonely Places" has called forth this reader's protest, but the correspondent adds that this journal habitually indulges in pleasantries at the expense of country people—jokes and jibes which have no basis of truth. Now, this is disconcerting, for if SATURDAY NIGHT has ever allowed itself to fall into an attitude of complacency, it has been in the direction of feeling moderately certain that although its opinions may sometimes be wrong they are always so plainly stated as to leave no doubt as to what they are. Now, SATURDAY NIGHT is the traditional enemy of certain things, such as charlatanism, humbug, small-mindedness, meanness, and unwholesomeness. It has in the past hammered at these things with such strength and skill as it could summon, and hopes to go on hammering at them. Unfortunately, there are in the country, as well as in cities, people who are small and mean and cruel, and this journal has not hesitated to assail and ridicule the actions of such people, deeming it as necessary to disapprove of evils common in rural communities as to condemn the evils peculiar to urban centres. But as to ridiculing country people as a class or country life in general—no sane journal has ever done that. Certainly SATURDAY NIGHT has never meant to do anything of the kind. On the contrary, it has not been uncommon for this paper to emphasize the fact that the country is the great, almost the sole, birthplace of genius and training ground of achievement. It is in the country that boys develop reflection and hard sense and grit and a sturdiness of physique which enables them, as a rule, to outclass city boys in all departments of endeavor. Just last week SATURDAY NIGHT contained an article in which it was pointed out that nearly every man who has done anything worth while on this whole continent has been a country or a village boy. This article also emphasized the fact that the rural districts can always be depended upon to record a safe and sane vote when a general election comes around. Surely, too, if our correspondent is a faithful reader of the paper she will have noticed its predilection for poetry on the charms of country life!

But lest, after all these proofs and protestations, the lady who has misunderstood this journal's attitude should still hesitate to believe that the men who write for SATURDAY NIGHT are not ignorant of country ways nor lacking in sympathy for country people, let a secret be revealed. Since this journal was established, it has had three chief editors, and they have all been country boys! To-day the majority of those who are occupying chairs in the editorial rooms can look back on a time when every joyous day commenced with the matutinal note of the rooster and closed with the last echo of the departing evening mail train's whistle. And at certain times when the vicissitudes of city life pall upon them they stand at the window and gaze afar beyond the skyline of water-tanks and chimneys and smoke, dreaming of the fair, sweet countryside where all is quiet at any rate, and planning to buy farms in Arcadie when they are rich.

THE COLONEL.



THE DISTURBER OF MEXICO.

General Bernando Reyes, long Governor of a Mexican State, and candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the Republic. General Reyes is the idol of the Mexican army, while as a leader he is opposed to Diaz and his methods. Reyes is said to me a man of iron will, and backed by the army, he is no mean opponent for even a man of Diaz's well known courage and political ability.

Clerical Rebates.

To the Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Reading with much interest the discussion regarding "Clerical Rebates," published recently in your paper, and particularly the letter from "Anglican Parson," in your issue of October 9th, from which I am about to quote a paragraph in full, so that in case this letter should come under his notice he may be on his guard, and disillusioned against the ways and wiles of the Doctor, and adhere more strictly to his own teaching from the Bible where it says "put not your trust in man." The paragraph of "Anglican Parson" which I refer to reads as follows: "On the question of doctors' bills something may be said, and I for one owe much to the medical profession—more than money will ever repay, but not in one single instance has a medical man charged me for his services, and why, I have never been told. Perhaps it is because the doctor, more than any other man, knows the clergyman's oftentimes cruel fight to keep body and soul together, and at the same time minister to the poor and degraded, with a bright and happy face. His door must be open at all times and his purse strings loose." The writer has many times heard expressions similar to the above, but regrets to say that lately the reason for our doctor's leniency was explained and brought home rather rudely to the family concerned. Some short time ago one of the highest dignitaries of our church passed away in Canada, leaving a widow and family behind him. During his lifetime, for a period of about twelve years, the services of one particular doctor were at all times requisitioned for the usual calls and attentions required in a large family. Year after year the doctor was asked to render an account for his services, but none was forthcoming, and a laughing reply always given, "that's all right," or some such remark. Naturally as the years passed the debt increased and the heads of the family took it for granted that the services were rendered exactly as described by "Anglican Parson," so took no further trouble in the matter, and as a sort of acknowledgment of the gratitude felt by such apparent devotion a suitable present was made. Time went on, and, as I say, recently the clergyman died, and the widow left to bear the burden by herself, felt now more than ever the many kindnesses bestowed on her by friends, and amongst them our friend the doctor. About a month ago, much to the poor widow's surprise, the doctor handed her an account for all his services, amounting to nearly $300, for which a cheque was promptly mailed from the poor woman's depleted and extremely scant balance, left her by her husband. Now I ask was this fair to come down so very hard and at such an inopportune time? I consider it gross injustice. Any of the years during her husband's lifetime the account would have been accepted willingly by him. Then why should it be left until the time when he had died and she required most need of assistance? It is beyond me for an explanation. Can "Anglican Parson" offer a solace? I regret to disillusionize his beautiful thoughts of his especial medical adviser, but perhaps my letter giving the facts as they became known to me (being a very intimate friend of the family concerned), may aid him to answer the "why" of his doctor's leniency and so prevent a similar embarrassment for his loved ones. Apologizing for taking so much of the Editor's valuable space, I remain,

AN INTERESTED ONLOOKER.

Kingston, Oct. 15, 1909.

Old English Election Practices.

LIQUOR was a very serious item of old time unreformed election expenses. For an election dinner in Forfarshire in 1830 the Hon. S. Wortley paid: Ginger beer, 6s.; brandy, 20s.; champagne, £20; claret, £21: gin, 20s.; ale, 16s; brandy toddy, £2; gin toddy, £1: dinner, £4 10s.; Madeira, £17 10s. Total, £69 2s. From July 21 to September 15 his bill from the same landlord amounted to £308 5s. 10d.—every item, with the exception of that £4 10s. for dinner and £4 7s. 6d. for suppers, being for liquor. If the nation has been known to "drink itself into solvency" certainly electors used to drink candidates into Parliament.

Commenting on this topic The London Chronicle says:

As a contrast to our instances of enormous sums spent at certain elections, a correspondent quotes a case in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, referred to in Sir Edward Coke's "Institutes," where one Long, Member for the Borough of Westbury, obtained his seat by the simple method of bribing the returning officer with £4 to return him as Member. But some one got to hear of it and the Member was unseated, while the returning officer was fined and imprisoned. And in another case in 1623, cited by Sir John Clanville, a certain Mr. L. was sent to the Tower because "some money, though very little, had been given in his behalf to grant him voices."

As to corruption at elections, says a correspondent, it had other forms besides the gift of money. The Borough of Seaford, for instance, saw an ingenious plan for securing the election of the desired candidate in 1790. It was doubtful which way the polling would go unless a receiving officer could be found willing to pass some twenty-six persons who still wanted seventeen days to complete the six months' residence required by law. Accordingly it was arranged that the candidate should insist on all the six oaths demanded by statute being administered to each voter individually; and this, together with the time spent in dealing with every frivolous objection raised by counsel, making it impossible to poll more than four votes a day, the twenty-six were duly qualified by the time their turn came to vote.

Some Remarkable Discoveries.

LECTURING the other night to the University College of North Wales, Prof. Flinders Petrie gave some details of excavation work on the site of Memphis.

The great result (notes a London correspondent) has been the discovery of the palace of King Apries—the Pharaoh Haphra of the Bible—who was contemporary with Jeremiah. It was a great building about 400 feet long, and half as wide, and the ruins are 10 to 15 feet high. The scale of the palace is impressive. The middle court is well over 100 feet square and the stone columns in it were more than 40 feet high. The brick walls were about 15 feet thick.

The approach to the palace led up through a large mass of buildings to a platform at a height of about 60 feet above the plain. These buildings served to defend the entrances as outer fortifications. Between them and the palace is a space of about 30 feet wide, along the middle of which is a deep fosse which was doubtless crossed by a drawbridge.

Crossing the fosse, a broad way traversing the palace was entered which was 16 feet wide. The great stone lined halls lay to the east of this; on the western side was the kitchen, the fireplaces of which still remained, and the lesser halls of the palace service. The great court was on the west, and beyond that the broad way led out to the largest court on the north, the further part of which was entirely washed away by the rains that had poured down the slopes of the hill for over 2,000 years.

Little had any one thought that so great a building remained on the top of the gray mud hill which every tourist passed who went by the north road to Saggarah. During the course of clearing the palace several beams of cedar were found, one of which was inscribed.

Hitherto scale armor had rarely been found in Egypt, but in these ruins there were thousands of scales of iron and bronze, varying in form, evidently the remains of corselets of mail left on the floor of the hall. Some good bronze figures of gods were also found, but the one supreme piece was a fitting of a palanquin of solid silver, a pound in weight, decorated with a bust of Hat-Hor, with a gold face. It is of fine workmanship of the time of Apries, and being unique it was sent to the Cairo Museum. By a curious chance there was found at a lower level a heap of blocks of stone, which proved to be from a great gateway 20 feet high and 7 wide on either side. This bore six scenes of a great royal festival of the Osirification of the King. The work is exquisitely delicate in low relief and is probably of the twelfth dynasty. The finest scene will be kept at Cairo.

Treating Animals' Eyes.

THE world do move. Lindsay Johnson, an ophthalmic surgeon in London, has employed the ophthalmoscope upon 400 animals, including lions, tigers, reptiles, cats and birds. Assisted by an artist he has made over 1,000 drawings of animals' eyes in addition to many photographs.

Recently Mr. Johnson examined the eyes of every animal in the zoo except the giraffe and he declares that he could furnish spectacles for all which have defective sight. A raven which was operated upon for cataract has actually been provided with spectacles, which are fitted to the eyes by means of a kind of hood. The improvement in its sight was obvious.

The examination of so many animals (observes The London correspondent of The New York Sun) was not accomplished without many interesting and dangerous experiences. A puma which had been taught to box by its owner was one of the patients. A pair of gloves had been placed on its paws to prevent its using its claws and when Mr. Johnson stooped down the puma hit out vigorously with its right.

Only once did he use chloroform. This was in the case of a tiger cat which was valued at $300, and unfortunately the animal died under the anæsthetic.

The back of the eye in each animal has a different appearance, according to Mr. Johnson. He found that in seals and walruses the lens of the eye is moved forward to enable them to see under water.

"My method of examination," said Mr. Johnson the other day, "was to get into a darkened cage in which was the animal and remain for several hours at a stretch at a distance of only an inch or two from the eye of the animal with a strong light cast upon the eye. I examined six lions like that, and found that they were not difficult animals to deal with. They became partly hypnotized, and there was a tendency for them to fall into hypnotic sleep. Kangaroos when examined always went to sleep."

That crocodiles can cry Mr. Johnson proved by squeezing onion juice into their eyes. They shed copious tears, but not outwardly from the eyes. The tears ran down into the throat and mouth, so after all the stigma attached to crocodile's tears is not without foundation, for the animal cries not from emotion but to lubricate its food.

Official Estimate of Messina Losses.

THE Italian Statistical Bureau recently published an estimate of the mortality in the great Messina earthquake. The total number of persons killed in the three provinces of Messina in Sicily, and Reggio and Catanzaro in Calabria is put at 76,563. At Messina alone 60,000 persons were killed—almost half of the inhabitants.

The number of persons injured is unknown, and very probably will never be ascertained. On an average it can be said that two persons were injured for every one killed; hence approximately about 150,000 persons were injured.

No estimate of the damage to property has been made, but it is known that 231 cities, towns and villages suffered.

In connection with the above figures a curious coincidence has been discovered. During the year 1908 the excess of births over deaths throughout Italy amounted to 76,369, and this number almost corresponds to that of the earthquake victims. Thus the population of Italy was not diminished, but merely stopped increasing for a year. Since the earthquake 12,000 persons have emigrated to America from Messina and 10,000 from Calabria.

His Honor the Lieut.-Governor has consented to preside at a patriotic demonstration on Trafalgar Day, October 21, in Massey Hall. Besides the Trafalgar commemoration, the inaugural ceremony of the presentation of Lord Strathcona's Nelson Shields for Universities, Colleges and Schools, the first of which will be accepted by the Hon. the Minister of Education, will be held; and a series of presentations will be made to representative institutions. The Festival Chorus of 300 voices, under Dr. Torrington, will render patriotic music. Naval sword drill by the Ste. Anne's Naval Brigade, and the parade of the Army and Navy Veterans to receive Nelson souvenirs from His Honor, are also included. Mr. R. S. Pigott will be the soloist, and Miss Clarice Spencer the elocutionist.

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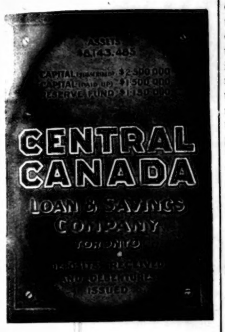

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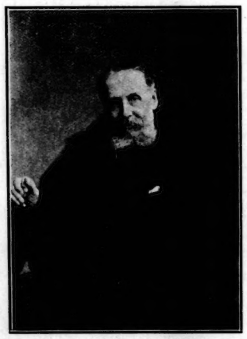
FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 21, 1909.

WHEN a man comes to the age of eighty, he ought to quit work, if he can afford it. Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson evidently holds views which approximate this statement. Word has recently been received from England to the effect that he has resigned the office of president of the Grand Trunk Railway, which office there is no question he could have long continued to hold had he so desired. He is still two years on the youthful side of four score and his three or four square meals per day do not depend upon his job. He is doing the right thing, for, when a man reaches eighty years of age he ought to know better than to hang on to a job such as that of president of a great railway, providing the job is of any importance to the railway. If it isn't, he might, of course, hang on till he was one hundred and ten, or so, without hurting the railway. We all know men who are too old to know that they are too old, so that one might make the paradoxical statement that in giving up his job because of advancing years, Sir Charles has demonstrated that he is still young enough to hold it with profit to the company, if occasion demanded it. But occasion does not demand it. Sir Charles has done splendid work for the Grand Trunk during his period of office, as all are free to acknowledge. Now, he has not overstayed his welcome. At just the proper moment he has announced his departure and he is passing his mantle to the man who is most deserving of, and can best fulfil, the position he is vacating.

Shocked British Traditions.—Those who know how it came about that Mr. Charles Hays is to be elected president of the G.T.R., instead of some of the personages on the other side of the salty water, are not telling, so that we must draw our own conclusions or await their pleasure. But it must have been a terrific shock to the traditions of that portion of the Tight Little Island which is composed of the shareholders of the G.T.R. to have a heterodox act like that perpetrated upon them. It is by no means certain that there isn't something treasonable about it all. Where are now those good old days of the Grand Trunk when the coal-oil lamps of the tin-topped cars used to drip on us out of those yellowish, glass saucer things which, in our youth, we used to consider so magnificent, and when the august directorate and their auguster president used to meet in state to declare the latest customary deficit? Has the end of all things come, that the Canadian pioneer should talk this way to his ma, and that his ma should decide to trust him to run her railway? It begins to look like it; and what is more, ma will be mighty glad one of these days when she finds how durn well he can run her railway.



SIR CHARLES RIVERS-WILSON
Whose resignation as President of the Grand Trunk Railway will take effect the first of the year.

Kept off the Tracks.

Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson got hold of Charles Hays so soon after he was made president of the Grand Trunk that it is a little difficult to credit to each his part in the marked improvement which has been shown during the past dozen years or so. Sir Charles had the financial experience while Mr. Charles had the railway experience. The probability is that the former raised the money and then got off the tracks and let the latter run the trains. It wasn't all so simple as that, of course, for the road was in bad shape and the finances were without any shape at all and it meant years of labor before results of any consequence could be even hoped for. It gave them both their opportunity and they took advantage of it.

Sir Rivers is "Natty."

Over at the Grand Trunk they always speak of Sir Charles as Sir Rivers, the latter evidently being the name preferred by him. Sir Rivers, then, is the neatest man one could meet in a week's journey. He is what might be called "natty," in the matter of dress. His silk hat must have the right polish, or, if he is travelling in Canada, his derby must never show dust. The same remark applies to his clothes and his boots, and, as for his linen, it must be spotless or someone will get into serious trouble. In temperament, Sir Rivers is affable and courteous and kindly. It is true that he once broke lose when a snap-shot man directed a camera at him; but who, having mind for his appearance, and having seen his dearest friends portrayed in the public press, would not give way to abuse and vituperation under such circumstances? He has had a lot of experience with men of all kinds and in the course of time has learned that it is not always necessary to knock a man down with a club in order to work in harmony with him. It is said that his relations with Mr. Hays were ever of the most pleasant nature. Sir Rivers was not a railway man and, wonder of wonders, he knew he wasn't. He knew there were some things Mr. Hays knew more about than he did, and in these matters he gave him a pretty free hand. But there were things he knew that Mr. Hays did not, and these he attended to himself.

Getting Money for Others.

It would seem that, all his life, Sir Rivers did nothing but obtain money—for other people. That is rather a surprising feature in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The opinion is expressed that he is not by any means wealthy for a man occupying his position and for a man who has done so much to straighten out other people's finances. During the early part of his career, he was employed in the Treasury Department of the British Government, finally rising to the position of Comptroller-General of the National Debt office. For twenty years he held this position. Then, for two years—1877 to 1879—he was Finance Minister for Egypt. It was during this period that he reached his greatest fame, probably, the Egyptian finances being in a most complicated condition. He retired from the National Debt department in 1894, and by that time there had been added to his name the initials G.C.M.G. and C.B.

Must have been Straight.

He was then engaged for some time in reporting upon the financial condition of the Southern Pacific Railway, this being probably his first experience with railways in capacities other than as a passenger. The ability with which he handled this and other complicated financial matters, was the strongest reason for his appointment to the presidency of a road the immediate requirements of which were cash and more cash. This was in 1895. When he looked over the line that fall, he saw it needed something else very badly, so he brought on Mr. Hays at the beginning of 1896. Hence, the G.T.R. as you see it to-day. So far as I can learn, the source of his livelihood, from this forward, will be his well-earned pensions from the British Government and the Grand Trunk Railway. Of course, they're good pensions, and I'd like to have them myself, but if Sir Rivers had had a really up-to-date education just think what a seven-figured bank account of his own he could have had with all his opportunities.

T. C. A.

TORONTO, Oct. 19.

QUITE the outstanding feature of the local stock market for the past week has been the persistent strength of Dominion Steel and Dominion Coal issues. The former has been especially active, reaching a high point for the year, around 61. In the meantime negotiations looking to a union of the two concerns, either actually or on a working basis, are still under way and the latest reports are that the negotiators are even making some real progress toward a realization of their plans. Numerous proposals as to the basis for an understanding have been made but thus far none have been adopted and all alike are merely subject for speculation. While those actually engaged in the work maintain a serene silence as to the affair there is reason to believe that Messrs. E. B. Wood and J. H. Plummer for the Steel company and Messrs. W. D. Matthews and Senator Cox for the Coal company are prepared to consider any proposal that might reasonably lead to a common understanding. Both the companies mentioned are now on a plane of undoubted efficiency, and if there is any truth in the report that a huge Canadian Steel Corporation—a counterpart of the United States Steel Corporation which, when floated, made a score of millionaires over night—is contemplated, a good start will have been made by bringing together these erstwhile enemies. It is said, however, that the foreign steel magnates are not desirous of seeing their supremacy challenged by a merging of steel and coal interests on this northern half of the continent and that they are preparing to secure a financial foothold in the new corporation should it become an accomplished fact.

Millions going into Farm lands.

Throughout the present year there has been a splendid demand for money to be utilized in settling farm lands and in procuring implements in that connection. Here in Canada the conditions as regards farm mortgages is much more healthful than is the case across the line. In the United States it is said that the total amount borrowed on farms greatly exceeds any period of the counry's life. But not a little of this money goes into speculative buying. In Western Canada, as well as in the older settled sections, most of the money borrowed on real estate security is obtained by those who intend to put it into farms that they purpose themselves working. That the efforts of the rural community are meeting with success—particularly that of the rising generation in carving out homes—is proven in the experience of one of the leading mortgage corporations in this city. The institution in question has twenty-seven million dollars loaned on mortgages. Five million of this amount, in the past ten months, has been paid in in cash and again loaned for a similar purpose. And this is no isolated instance, either. Enquiry serves to show that money for farm development purposes is coming from a variety of sources. Nearly all the insurance companies have immense sums of money out in this way, while private investors are being besieged with offers of first class loans. Only the other day it was reported, too, that British men of means, oppressed by taxes on their investments at home, were seeking an outlet in Canadian lands.

Progress of Milling Companies.

Recently the flour milling companies of Canada have occupied not a little attention in the stock market by reason both of the unprecedented crop in the Canadian West and the issuance of their annual reports for the year, which show that the leading concerns of this character have experienced an equally satisfactory year. While the Canadian mills do not at present commence to compare with some of the larger ones, say in Minneapolis, turning out only ten and fifteen

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Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given, that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches, on and after 1st December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 23rd to the 30th November, both inclusive.
By order of the Board,

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 18th Oct., 1909.

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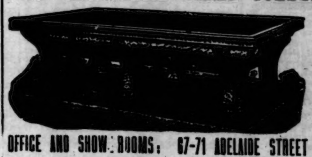

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FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to 30th October, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.
Toronto, Ontario, 15th September, 1909.

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Grampian	Oct. 30	Hesperian	Nov. 13
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Virginian	Fri., Nov. 26	Sat., Nov. 27
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Victorian	Fri., Dec. 10	Sat., Dec. 11
Hesperian	Fri., Dec. 17	Sat., Dec. 18

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thousand barrels a day in contrast with the thirty and thirty-five thousand barrel capacity of those across the line, the market in this country is constantly expanding. Most of the Canadian millers are giving more attention to the cultivation of export trade in which direction lies the most pronounced outlet for flour products, and the more their desires in this respect are realized the greater will be the success of the industry. Already much has been done in the face of a comparatively circumscribed home market. The profits of the three leading milling concerns of the Dominion for the past year approximate two million dollars. Those of the Lake of the Woods were $728,380, those of the Ogilvie $716,000 and those of the Western Canada $392,000, making a total of $1,837,095, while if regard were had to the production of such millers as Hedley-Shaw and others who are rapidly forging to the front, the record of earnings on the part of Canadian mills would run far beyond the two million mark. But the shareholders of none of the three companies mentioned have any cause to grumble at their position. A bonus of ten dollars a share went to the holders of Lake of the Woods common; the earnings of the Western Canada amounted to 25.3 per cent. on the common; while at the annual meeting Mr. C. R. Hosmer, president of the Ogilvie Company, announced that the directors had decided for the future, on the payment of quarterly dividends on the common stock at the rate of eight per cent. per annum.

***

Lending centres Rebuke Rash Speculation.

Quite the expected thing happened on Thursday last when the Bank of England, after having the preceding week increased its minimum discount rate from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent., made a still more abrupt jump to 4 per cent.. On a great many occasions during the past three years the rate has been far beyond 4 per cent., running, as it has, to 6 and 7 per cent. But on the whole there has been throughout the current year a comfortable feeling of ease in the money markets of Europe. The change of front on the part of the governors of the Bank of England did not materially effect the stock markets. There may have been some cessation of speculative activity but on the whole this was not very perceptible. Higher money rates are taken in Canada and the United States to be the natural outcome of the movement of crops and widening industrial and mercantile activity. The advance in London, however, was, in the present instance directly traceable to the fact that New York was borrowing too extensively in London. Much of this borrowing was on account of powerful interests in Wall street who were conducting a speculative campaign that has had few parallels. Your staid Briton, it was pointed out, makes every allowance for legitimate loans but he is indisposed to afford the means by which gigantic speculations in copper, in United States Steel and in American railroad securities are carried through. He objects to lending his aid in such cases both because he is habitually conservative and because operations of the kind mentioned are essentially dangerous. In London the impression prevails that had the Bank of England raised its rate some three or four years ago the great speculative movement in the United States might have been checked, but, as usual, your Briton, having wakened to a realization of the facts, is not slow to apply the remedy. Speculators the world over have been given a much-needed rebuke, and one is safe in saying that, while accommodation will not be refused, rates more consistent with the extravagant demands made upon the leading lending centres will be charged in future.

***

War Clouds Interfere with Business.

Canadians are apt to think of a European war cloud as a thing that does not affect thm particularly, except when it is offered by politicians as an incentive to the establishment of a toy navy to navigate our own waters. But the other day a local broker had a practical application of what a war cloud really means to one who has made a close acquaintance with it in its own peculiar lair in Europe. A Canadian had been abroad all summer, but immediately upon his return he hunted up his broker and gave instructions to have all his Canadian Pacific stock sold out at once. The broker tried to argue, but to no avail. His patron had been in Germany, and all the time he was there he heard nothing else but speculation as to the probabilities of an armed conflict between Great Britain and the Father Land. However, even if trouble is impending between these countries, it is difficult to see why a man should select Canadian Pacific stock for an immediate sale. If there are any corporations in the country that would be benefited by hostilities, those corporations surely are the railways, whose revenues would be greatly enhanced both by the carrying of food supplies necessary to the sustenance of large standing armies and in the actual movement of troops themselves. But while a great many European travellers are of the opinion that the fear of a war between two great nations is crippling commerce and business progress to an extent greater than is generally admitted, Mr. George Paish, the editor of The London Statist, points out that the political situation abroad gives no cause for immediate uneasiness. "The situation," he adds, in an interview in The Wall Street Journal, "is much the same as it has been for several years past, and as far as I can see, it is likely to remain practically unchanged for several years to come."

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Nipissing-La Rose Merger Receives Body Blow.

The past week has seen the stocks of both the Nipissing and La Rose mining companies measurably restored after the recent break. A good deal of inside buying occurred, and this tended to reaffirm confidence. Additional evidence has been forthcoming that the sensational movement to which allusion is made was largely the outcome of the increase in the Nipissing dividend rate to thirty per cent. when it was clear that La Rose could not increase its dividend, for some time at least, beyond sixteen per cent. It is clear, too, that not a little ill-feeling was engendered among those on the inner circles by the manner in which the proposal to merge the properties was received. That a great saving in operating expenses could be effected by following such a course is quite evident. But Mr. E. P. Earle, the president of the Nipissing Company, has come out flat-footed against the project, and his attitude will go a long way toward influencing a majority of the holders of stock in that company. Mr. Earle refuses to admit that there is even a possibility of a consolidation. It would appear, then, that this rumor, which has done service in the market for at least two years, should be now permitted to seek the solace of oblivion. While the purchase of La Rose stock by its directors has measurably re-assured holders that had become alarmed over the reports of an absence of ore, the likelihood is that the position of Nipissing will be better than ever, now that the spectre of further expansion, in directions not thought to be wholly profitable, has been removed. La Rose, on the other hand, should suffer correspondingly until developments at depth on the Lawson property have gone to show that dividend disbursements on the existing basis can be fully maintained. Aside from internal dissention, the sale of the Timmons holdings did much to weaken the market position of La Rose. Mr. G. W. Stephens, of Montreal, it is said, is now slated for Mr. Henry Timmons' position on the directorate—a change that will no doubt tend to lend stability and harmony to the future operations of the company.

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Mr. Hays and his Political Allies.

The Grand Trunk Railway has made a step in the right direction in appointing Mr. Charles M. Hays to the presidency in succession to Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson. The latter is a picturesque figure, and achieved a notable reputation as a financier, but it is not on record that his acquirements as the head of a great railway system were out of the ordinary. Indeed, there are those who believe that the gallant knight has always been overshadowed by the energetic and capable gentleman who will now pass from the titular to the actual presidency of the company. In the ten or twelve years that Mr. Hays has been at the head of the management of the Grand Trunk Railway, he has certainly accomplished marvels. From a comparatively disorganized system, he has carried it to a position where, as regards rolling stock and effectiveness of operation, it will compare favorably with the best of the railways on this continent. It is to be hoped, in the interests of the line, that the shareholders will go a step further and establish a board of directors in Canada, composed of men who are alive to the requirements of the country and who would be on hand to lend Mr. Hays assistance when it is required. If The London Financial News is correct in its surmises, Mr. Hays may need some moral support in the not distant future. For the authority mentioned hints that the Canadian Government, while not desiring to take a step that would involve it in any responsibility in the appointment of a new president, considered that its opinion on the subject should receive very serious consideration. If this be true, the probabilities are that the Government intimated in what direction the choice of the board should fall, and that the appointment of Mr. Hays is the result. Owing his place to the politicians, it will require the exercise of a good deal of diplomacy on his part for Mr. Hays to escape from the toils of those who would beset him with their own designs. Hence one reason for a board composed of Canadians who know the arts of Canadian "statesmen."

INVESTOR.

The Steel Business.

"THE steel business is either a pauper or a prince." That is what Andrew Carnegie said a few years ago, and it is just as true now as when he said it. In steel, evidently, there is no middle course—the change comes with lightning rapidity. Only as far back as February the steel industry was plunged in the depths of depression. To-day, in the United States and in Canada, the corporations are operating practically at capacity and turning out more steel than has ever been turned out before.

Wall Street is proverbially short-memoried and the terms "unprecedented" and "unparalleled" are overmuch used in the financial jargon. But with regard to the past six months' improvement in steel conditions, exaggeration is hardly possible. The steel industry has had its vicissitudes—sharp changes from depression to prosperity. But never anything like what has happened this year. That is unprecedented and unparalleled—this time without the quotation marks.

To get the situation in right perspective it is necessary to go back to last February when the United States Steel Corporation finally abandoned its price-maintenance policy, declared an "open" market and announced its intention of going out for whatever business there was. For six weeks, or two months there wasn't much. Frightened by the wholesale slashing of prices and unable to gauge where it would end, buyers at first held off entirely, awaiting developments. But soon came the inevitable conviction that prices were comparatively, actually, and intrinsically low, and that unless general business depression closed in again, contracts for steel could not but turn out profitably. With the broadening and deepening of that conviction came the turn in the tide. Consumers of steel began to make inquiries about contracts for deliveries far ahead. They were met with the statement that the prevailing prices were for spot delivery only and that no long-time contracts would be made at the low figures. That was what started the buying. Immediately prices began to rise and that accelerated the buying still further. In an incredibly short time conditions underwent a radical change and steel consumers began to find that they were dealing with a prince instead of a pauper.

The history of the steel business since then is one unbroken record of progress. Midsummer came, but instead of the usual slackening down and the banking of fires, new furnaces, one after another, were blown in, production being continuously increased. Each month the estimate of the percentage at which the big company was operating was raised a little. Gradually it crept up to ninety-six. That is the estimate at present. It means that practically every mill in Canada and the United States are manufacturing all the steel they can.

In the steel business September was a month of superlatives; all records went by the board. Gradually but surely the rising tide crept above the notches set in the big boom of 1906-1907. By the end of the month they had all been covered—records for ore production, pig-iron production and all.

Dr. William Osler is said to have been practically driven out of Baltimore by the rule forbidding a physician to accept a fee from a brother craftsman. Dr. Osler's fame attracted other physicians from all over the country who were anxious for his advice, and as a result his day's work at the university was rendered almost impossible. Then came the invitation from England with an ample competence and abundant leisure.

Harry P. Whitney began his business training as a bank clerk at $20 a week. He now has charge of the $30,000,000 estate left by the elder Whitney, and it is said that his trusteeship has increased the family fortune.

The American vice-consul at Barcelona says that only about 3,000 automobiles are in use throughout Spain, their use being restricted by the high price of gasoline and the poor roads.

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LONDON LETTER

London, October 9, 1909.

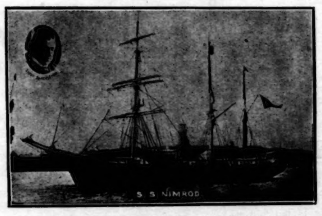
THE weather for the past fortnight has been beautiful, varied of course by showers of rain to keep us from growing too vain of an English autumn. This remark is made for the benefit of the Canadians who have mourned over the awful weather they experienced in England this summer. One is tempted to remind these persons, however, mildly and gently, that it does rain sometimes in Canada, and that the streets in some parts of the Dominion, notably in the largest city thereof, are disgraceful in bad weather. In the winter it is foggy in England, sometimes, and there is a considerable amount of rain. Underfoot we have firm, clean pavements and well-kept streets. In Canada, the sun shines, but in Montreal perhaps more than in Toronto, one needs to be something of an acrobat to keep one's feet, and something of a philosopher to bear the bad walking patiently. There are always two sides after all, and even Canadian weather with its extremes of all kinds, has its drawbacks. Apropos an English girl said the other day: "You see it is a beastly climate I know, but when we do have fine weather it is so beautiful that if there were much of it every one would come trooping from other countries to live here, and that would never do, would it?"

* * *

THE wedding to-day of Miss Ida Harbord to Mr. Harry Atherton Brown will interest some old Torontonians. Miss Harbord is a niece of Lord Suffield, a famous English peer, and the Hon. Ralph Harbord was stationed years ago in Toronto with his regiment, where he was very popular socially, and much admired for his good looks. Col. Hon. Charles Harbord, the eldest son of the 5th Baron Suffield, also knows Canada, for he served on the staff of Lord Lorne, when he was Governor-General of Canada; and on the staffs of Lord Ripon, Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne between 1881 and 1894.

* * *

THE "Nimrod," the game little boat which took Shackleton on his trip to find the South Pole, is one of the sights just now. She lies off the Temple Pier, brilliant with flags, and crowds of loungers spend hours



SS. "Nimrod," the ship in which Lieut. Shackleton sought the South Pole.

hanging over the Embankment wall watching the visitors coming and going, and keeping an eye on what goes on on the boat. Sometimes Mr. Shackleton helps to show people around and give them some realistic pictures of scenes the "Nimrod" has visited. The explorer himself tells a story of his small boy who said to his mother: "Mummie, dear, I don't want to hear any more of what Daddy did. Tell me something really exciting, like about the baby that fell into its bath and was nearly drowned."

The money charged to see the "Nimrod" is being given to city charities, and even when half-a-crown, instead of a shilling, was charged one day this week, over a thousand people visited the little boat, and the auxiliary exhibition of South Pole curios and relics. The exhibition is immensely interesting, and the vessel itself gives one a curious idea of the discomforts endured by explorers who look upon crowded sleeping quarters, etc., as part of the day's work.

* * *

KIPLING'S new book, "Actions and Reactions," out this week, is bound to have a great success among his admirers, whose name is legion. Those of us who loved the old Kipling will rejoice that these stories and verses are in the real Kipling vein. For a thorough understanding of the English point of view, as it strikes those who are not of the soil, and an expert's knowledge of the effect of the Old Country on those from younger lands, who yet have an inherited sympathy and understanding the first story, "An Habitation Enforced," is recommended.

* * *

DOG-LOVERS will read with feeling and a choking sensation at times, "Garm—A Hostage," the story of Ortheris and his big bulldog, "who snuffed through the empty house like a child trying to recover from a fit of sobbing," when he was given to a new master, and the verses "The Power of the Dog," will be echoed by men and women who have had a dog for a friend, and lost him. "With the Night Mail," the marvellous story of navigation in the air in the year A.D. 2000 is hardly as startling now as it was when it was first written and aerial matters were not far advanced. This wonderful year of 1909 has taught us to take many things calmly. "The House Surgeon" and "Little Foxes" are quite unlike, but both are Kipling, and the story which brings in our old friend's Strickland's son and deals with India is on a level with "Many Inventions" and the others belonging to that time. "The Puzzler" is another story introducing the English point of view, and is full of clever understanding touches.

* * *

THREE thousand pounds were raised in ten minutes at the big meeting held by the Suffragettes the other evening to bid farewell to Mrs. Pankhurst, who is sailing for the United States and Canada to tour in the interest of women's franchise. Many of the people who go to hear her in Toronto when she speaks in the Massey Hall will find their pre-conceived ideas of a militant suffragette rather upset. Mrs Pankhurst and her attractive daughters are as far from one's notions as it is possible to imagine. They are highly educated, attractive women, and whatever one may think of the methods employed to keep their cause before the world, the general public admires the courage, perseverance, ability and eloquence of these ladies. The suffragettes now have a war fund of fifty thousand pounds.

* * *

WHEN Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree unveiled the tablet to mark the old Globe Playhouse at Southwark, yesterday, where Shakespeare produced and acted in his plays, he told a funny anecdote illustrative of the interest the general public takes in current events. He engaged a cab and told the man to drive him to the "Globe Theatre," whereupon the man drove to the one in Shaftesbury avenue. He called another and said to the man, "Drive to the Old Globe Playhouse." As quick as a flash the man replied, "Right you are, Sir Herbert, but which side of the street—the north or south?" Which proves that the cabbies are not too much occupied to take an interest in the dispute in the press as to where the Globe Playhouse really was.

Some wit has suggested that as the tablet has been placed on the wall of Barclay & Perkins's brewery, that being considered the real site, the poet and dramatist should in future be spelt "Shakesbeer."

M. E. MacL. M.

Roosevelt Begins to Tell His Story.

SOME time ago Saturday Night referred at some length to Winston Churchill's valuable and interesting book, "My African Journey." The greatest wonder of the country through which he passed was the Uganda Railway, built by the British government. And this marvelous piece of engineering is the marvel of which Theodore Roosevelt largely writes in the first instalment of the story of his famous African hunting trip, which appears in the current number of Scribner's Magazine. This railway, an embodiment of modern civilization running through a vast wilderness peopled by the most primitive types of men and teeming with savage and even monstrous beasts, suggests to Mr. Roosevelt "a railroad through the Pleistocene." The comparison, he declares, is not fanciful, since the region "substantially reproduces the conditions of life in Europe as it was led by our ancestors ages before the dawn of anything that could be called civilization," and the great beasts of East Africa "were in that bygone age represented by close kinsfolk in Europe." This region therefore appeals to his imagination as a "great fragment out of the long-buried past of our race." In making of this country a great game preserve the British Government, he says, "has conferred a boon upon mankind." Of the beginning of his journey into this marvelous land he writes:

"The day after we landed we boarded the train to take what seems to me, as I think it would to most men fond of natural history, the most interesting railway journey in the world. It was Governor Jackson's special train, and in addition to his own party and ours there was only Selous; and we traveled with the utmost comfort through a naturalist's wonderland. All civilized governments are now realizing that it is their duty here and there to preserve unharmed tracts of wild nature, with thereon the wild things the destruction of which means the destruction of half the charm of wild nature. The English Government has made a large game reserve of much of the region on the way to Nairobi, stretching far to the south, and one mile to the north of the track. The reserve swarms with game; it would be of little value except as a reserve; and the attraction it now offers to travelers renders it an asset of real consequence to the whole colony.

"On our train the locomotive was fitted with a comfortable seat across the cow-catcher, and on this, except at meal-time, I spent most of the hours of daylight, usually in company with Selous, and often with Governor Jackson, to whom the territory and the game were alike familiar. The first afternoon we did not see many wild animals, but birds abounded, and the scenery was both beautiful and interesting. A black-and-white hornbill, feeding on the track, rose so late that we nearly caught it with our hands; guinea-fowl and francolin, and occasionally bustard, rose near by; brilliant rollers, sunbirds, bee-eaters, and weaver-birds flew beside us, or sat unmoved among the trees as the train passed. In the dusk we nearly ran over a hyena; a year or two previously the train actually did run over a lioness one night, and the conductor brought in her head in triumph. In fact, there have been continually mishaps such as could only happen to a railroad in the Pleistocene! . . . . .

"At one time we passed a herd of a dozen or so of great giraffes, cows and calves, cantering along through the open woods, a couple of hundred yards to the right of the train. Again, still closer, four water-buck cows, their big ears thrown forward, stared at us without moving until we had passed. Hartebeests were everywhere; one herd was on the track, and when the engine whistled they bucked and sprang with ungainly agility and galloped clear of the danger. A long-tailed straw-colored monkey ran from one tree to another. Huge black ostriches appeared from time to time. Once a troop of impalla, close by the track, took fright; and as the beautiful creatures fled we saw now one and now another bound clear over the high bushes. A herd of zebra clattered across a cutting of the line not a hundred yards ahead of the train; the whistle hurried their progress, but only for a moment, and as we passed they were already turning around to gaze. The wild creatures were in their sanctuary, and they knew it."

Edison, the wizard of electricity, was asked by a newspaper man what feature of the display on the Hudson last week struck him most forcibly. "That by the British warships," came the response like an electric spark. "It is a shame that the American warships made so poor a showing in comparison to that of the British. I never saw a more brilliant display or more intelligent management of electric light than that by the British on Saturday night. I felt ashamed of our failure. I thought we would lead the world's navies in that respect, as we lead the world in so many other things." "And what Mr. Edison says about your warships I find endorsed unanimously by the American, French, German, Italian, and other naval visitors here," adds the correspondent. "'If you Britishers can shoot as well as you can illuminate, you have nothing to fear,' was a common remark."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Mr. George Arthur Jarvis, of the Bank of Montreal, Toronto, only son of the late Salter M. Jarvis, and Miss Ida Henrietta Winter, daughter of Sir James Winter, of St. John's, Newfoundland, was celebrated in St. Thomas' Church, St. John's, on Tuesday, October 10, at three o'clock, His Lordship the Bishop officiating. The bride, who was brought in and given away by her father, wore a bridal robe of white liberty satin, beautifully trimmed with lace, and carried a shower of lily of the valley, the customary veil and orange blossoms completing her toilette. She also wore the bridegroom's gift, a pendant of peridots with diamonds set in platinum. The bridesmaids, Miss Muriel Jarvis, sister of the groom and Miss Lillian Winter, sister of the bride, wore pale blue gowns of satin charmeuse and black picture hats, the dainty flower girl being a small sister of the bride. Mr. Emerson was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Winter and Mr. Outerbridge. After the ceremony, which was fully choral, the bridal party and guests drove to Pringlesdale, the home of Sir James Winter, where the bride and groom received congratulations and the dejeuner was served. Pringlesdale is a fascinating old place, full of quaint and interesting things, and was much en fete for the marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis sailed for New York on their honeymoon, and on their return to Toronto will reside at the Alexandra.

Mrs. Walter Elliott (nee Waters), an old school friend, is spending some time with Mrs. Salter Jarvis, 246 St. George Street.

Miss Marian McTudoe, Miss Mabel Russel, Miss Evelyn Reid, the Misses Schreiber, Miss J. Pringle, Miss Gladys McMurrich, Miss Mary Walton, Miss Marguerite Skinner, Miss Ondine Pangman, Miss Gladys Armstrong, Miss Clara Flavelle, Miss Adele Glanelli and Miss Gladys Eastwood are among this year's debutantes.

At the meeting called for the arrangement of the debutantes' Lancers and other matters concerning the Charity Ball, last Tuesday night, the wisdom of interesting the young people personally in such an event was more than apparent. The drawingroom and corridor of the Prince George Hotel were crowded, the buds and their thorns turning out in great enthusiasm. Several of the most attractive and energetic debutantes took a number of tickets, and Mrs. Machell's ball is now an assured success. The stewards are:—Messrs. Winnet Thompson, Howard Harris, Schuyler Snively, C. M. Johnston, Andrew Duncanson, Albert Gooderham, J., Maurice Machell, Eric Machell, Marvin Rathbun, Harry Walker, Woodburn Langmuir, Hugh Barwick, W. Tuce, Jr., Bob Davidson, Douglas Ross, George Alexander, C. Fellowes, Ewart Osborne, Roy Buchanan, H. Suydam and Douglas Kirkpatrick, Dr. C. M. Stewart, Dr. George Strathy, Dr. W. E. Gallie, Dr. Alan W. Caufield. Dr. Arthur Wright, Dr. Walter Wright.

Lady Esme Gordon-Lennox, wife of Lord Esme Gordon-Lennox, the second son of the Duke of Richmond. Lady Esme Gordon-Lennox is a well-known and highly-popular figure in an exclusive set of London society.

Major-General Sir George White and Major-General Sir Percy Lake and Major Heward were at the Queen's this week.

Admiral Kingsmill has taken a house in Ottawa, and his wife and family have gone down to join him at the Capital.

Miss Iona Robertson, the Gaelic singer who created so much interest here a couple of years ago, is sailing for Canada next week. She will be in Toronto later on.

Captain and Mrs. Carlon have settled at 73 Prince Arthur avenue for the winter.

Colonel Victor Williams, of Stanley Barracks, is coming into town to live.

Mrs. George Kingston has moved to 72 Admiral road. Mrs. and Miss Clare Corson have taken a house at the corner of Bedford road and Bernard avenue. Miss Denzil has returned from attending the Ahearn wedding in Ottawa recently. Mrs. Edward Jones, Church street, and Mrs. Winn are back from England. Miss Hugel is *en pension* at 48 St. George street. Mrs. and Miss Corby, of Belleville, are at the St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Macdougall are at the Kress, Preston Springs, for a short holiday.

Mrs. Arnoldi and Mrs. Douglas Warren will receive next Tuesday and Wednesday at 37 North street.

The executive committee of the Alumnae Association of University College announce their annual Hallowe'en dance (*bal poudre*) for Saturday, October 30, from eight to twelve o'clock, in the University Gymnasium, and request all the University graduates and their friends to bear this date in mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville P. White will be in the Glenview Apartments, 30 Glen road, during the building of their new home in Hawthorne Gardens.

On Friday of last week, Mrs. Austin, of Spadina, had a tiny tea, the guests being patronesses interested in the song recital to be given by Miss Eva Mylott next week in Massey Hall. Miss Harvey, of Hamilton, Miss Mylott and Miss Maroney arrived from Hamilton on the afternoon train and found their way out to Spadina about six o'clock, when the company had all but despaired of seeing them. Miss Maroney played a dainty *morceau* and Miss Mylott sang, her splendid voice filling the large rooms and delighting her hearers. The company having said *au revoir* to the handsome artistes, Mrs. Austin made the three ladies remain for dinner, and Miss Mylott decided to remain on for a few days in Toronto, and has been at the Prince George with her friend, Miss Maroney. To hear and to see Miss Mylott is a pleasure I hope many of you will not fail to enjoy next week.

The marriage of Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie and Mr. Radyard Marshall took place very quietly in St. Simon's church, on Wednesday at twelve o'clock. The bride wore a heavy pale apricot broadcloth costume and beautiful hat to match. She was attended by Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell as matron of honor, and Mr. Gordon Perry was best man. A small reception was afterwards held at the bride's home in Glen road, when Mrs. Kirkland assisted her daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall left by motor for Buffalo, followed by hearty good wishes.

Any number of luncheons and teas, and one informal dance for young people, have been on the tapis this week. Most of these have been in honor of brides to be.

Mr. and Mrs. Brophy will not leave Toronto as soon as they expected, probably not until after the New Year.

Apropos of so much on hand for the young people each season, there are many grumbles from the married folk, who have not grown stiff from age, and love a good dance. "We're just quietly shelved," said a handsome matron of four or five years' standing. "There is nothing ever given for us now!" This is a harrowing state of affairs truly, but the remedy lies in their own hands. Why not get up a series of assemblies at which no callow debutante or dancing man under thirty should be admitted. They show us the way in the States, where married people dance quite as much and as well as even the debutantes.

Mrs. Crawford Brown held her post-nuptial receptions last Thursday and Friday afternoons, Mrs. Melvin-Jones receiving with her daughter at Llawhaden, and the bride of last June looking very handsome in a lovely white gown. The teatable in the dining-room, very pretty with pink roses and lily of the valley, was under the care of Mrs. Davis and Miss Agnes Dunlop, who poured tea and coffee, and the assistants were Mlle. Gauthier, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Jean Alexander and Miss Patti Warren, four beautiful and popular girls. The young ladies and a number of their friends were guests at a dinner at Llawhaden in the evening.

Prize-giving at St. Andrew's College last week was a popular event, judging by the crowds of prominent people who motored, drove and trammed it to the fine school. Lady Clark and Mrs. Ramsay Wright presented prizes as did several noted men. To Lady Clark the presentation of a sheaf of Easter lilies, and to Mrs. Ramsay Wright a sheaf of 'mums, marked the appreciation of the collegians and staff. The Hall was a bower of autumn foliage, and a huge St. Andrew's Cross was formed of the tinted leaves on the wall behind the platform. Those seated there were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Mortimer Clark, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, President Falconer, Dr. Burwash, Dr. Cody, and other well known men. After the prizegiving the company adjourned to the refectory where Mrs. Macdonald received and refreshments were served. It was a most successful and pleasant occasion.

The marriage of Miss May M. Moody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moody, Rusholme road, to Mr. Herbert E. Clutterbuck, M.D., took place quietly at Broadway Methodist Tabernacle on the 16th inst. in the presence of immediate relatives. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. D. Chown. The bride wore her travelling suit of navy blue with mink furs. Mr. and Mrs. Clutterbuck will reside in Grace street.

Mr. Perceval Ridout is in Toronto, having arrived from England last week. He is with Mr. and Mrs. Le Mesurier at 63 Isabella street.

The marriage of Hon. S. H. Blake and Miss Baird, who was a graduate of Grace Hospital some seven years ago, and a very sweet and amiable girl, took place in Rio Janeiro on Tuesday. Mr. Blake left under the care of his nurse on a visit to his daughter. Mrs. Mackenzie, who recently married and went to South America. He has reached the age of seventy-four, but has still the keen intellect and vigorous mind which gained him his exalted legal position. Mr. and Mrs. Blake will soon return to Toronto.

Master Ronald Calderwood had a birthday party on Thursday.

The splendid play at the Alexandra is attracting huge audiences this week. The staging is simply perfect.

Mr. W. Grant Morden left for the West on Wednesday night, and will visit the larger cities on business, *en route* to Vancouver, where his marriage to Miss Doris Henshaw will take place on November 17. I hear it is to be a very smart wedding, eight bridesmaids, from the leading families in that city. The bride and groom will spend some six weeks in California and the south, returning to Ontario in January to reside either in Toronto or Montreal. Mr. Clifford Brown will be best man at the wedding.

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Dumand et Drovet	Paris	Calvayrac	Paris
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MUSIC and dancing, and lights and laughter—the season has begun. Society people are realizing more and more how well this store can serve them. Our Evening Gowns this Autumn will act as a still further revelation. We have devoted considerable extra space in the Salon of Dress to genuine Parisian Gowns. We have installed the most modern style of wardrobe cabinets in which to keep them. A Devotee of Fashion will show and explain everything to ladies who call.

Besides our Parisian Gowns we have representative creations from Berlin and New York.

As you know, this is not an extravagant store. It will prove a positive comfort to many a poor woman to learn how extremely moderate are the Simpson prices compared with what they have paid these dressmakers abroad for garments in no way different, except as to details of style.

For example:—

Original Model Gown, by "Corne, Paris," in mauve chiffon, hand embroidered in self color, **$100.00.**

Handsome model of chiffon broadcloth, of shell pink, yoke and sleeves hand embroidered in same tone, trimmed with pearl buttons, **$90.00.**

Parisian Model Gown of sequin over cream Duchess satin, hand embroidered in cream and gold, studded with pearls, **$150.00.**

Parisian Model Gown, in sky blue Liberty satin with overdress of black net, yoke of crystal beads, in opalescent colorings, **$175.00**

Parisian Model Gown of Italian blue satin, with overdress of Spanish lace and drape, cut jet ornaments, **$225.00.**

Handsome Parisian Model Gown of Chantilly lace, in oyster white, panel back and front, embroidered in same shade, **$225.00.**

Afternoon Frock of mulberry colored satin cloth, plain front and back, embroidered on sides with self colored soustache braid; skirt is walking length, **$100.00.**

FUR COATS OF FASHIONABLE IMPORTANCE

THESE Coats are not ordinary. They represent the best of everything. This store caters to ladies of taste, and while we keep our prices free from foolish extravagance or any hint of it, we do try to run the entire scale of quality and fashion. We would be glad to show you our collection of Alaska Seal Coats—every skin certified by the Alaska authorities. Persian Lamb is one of our specialties.

Persian Lamb Jackets, 24 and 26 inches long; made fom select whole skins, even, bright curl, in new military and other styles; some have shawl collars, other collars and revers, lined with plain or brocade satin. Priced from **$125.00 to $150.00.**

Handsome Persian Lamb Coats, made from the very finest whole skins, 36 inches long, slightly fitted at back, with deep vents, neat roll collar, lined with fine French brocade satin, and trimmed with buttons, **$187.50.**

Black French Pony Coats, made from selected skins, beautifully marked, and very glossy, Chapell's French dye, in lengths from 30 to 50 inches; various new designs; some have braid trimmings; fancy or plain satin lining. Priced from **$35.00 to $100.00.**

Handsome Auto Coats, 48 or 50 inches long, very full sweep; some are full sacque back, others slightly fitted; suitable for carriage or street wear; in natural racoon, Orenberg, marmot, natural muskrat, Hudson seal, near seal, and other furs, now in stock.

N.B.—If we have not the style or size coat wanted, we will make to order from measurement at regular stock prices.

NEW HAND BAGS FROM THE OLD WORLD

IF the judgment of our customers be correct, Simpson's assortment of Leather Hand Bags is by far the finest in Toronto. We announce the Opening of the new Bag Fashions on Saturday. A few suggestions of what you may expect to see.

Vienna Bags, Offenbach Bags, Paris Bags, Berlin Bags, London Bags, New York Bags—In a great assortment of shapes; in all the new delicate shades to match the new gowns and dress materials for the coming season. It would be simply impossible for us to describe everything. Saturday we ask you to come and see—**$5.00, $5.50, $6.00, $6.50, $7.00, $8.50, $9.50, $10.00, $13.50, $18.00, $19.50 to $35.00 each.**

ATTRACTIVE NECKWEAR FOR WOMEN.

OUR Neckwear Department for Women is conspicuous just now for many new ideas from Paris and New York. Novelties made up of fine linen, batiste and real lace stocks and jabots, stock collars of Chiffon, Venetian and guipure lace stocks, lace yokes, maline bows, crepe de Chine and Spanish lace scarfs. Spend a moment or two here on Monday.

Jabots of fine sheer mull and linen, and Valenciennes, Venetian and real Irish laces. Prices from **50c to $15.00.**

Jabots of soft pleated Bretonne nets and guipure lace. Each, **25c to $1.50.**

Stock Collars of chiffon and lace, with touches of colored satin or velvet. Prices from **50c. to $2.00.**

New York Tailored Bows, in silk or satin, colors navy, black, brown, sky, cardinal and white. Each, **25c and 35c.**

VEILINGS FOR MONDAY.

New Russian, Tuxedo, Tosca and Hexagon Meshes, in black, grey, navy, tan, taupe, magpie, prunelle, cinnamon, plum. Per yard, **25c to $2.00.**

New Chiffon Veilings, in black, brown, navy, cinnamon, taupe, grey, sky, pink. Per yard, **25c to 65c.**

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"THE Silver Horde," Rex Beach's latest novel, is a rattling good story, full of life and action from the first page to the last. It is another far-north tale. The hero, Boyd Emerson is in love with Mildred Wayland, the daughter of a Chicago capitalist. But he is poor, and therefore unworthy of an heiress. However, father and daughter agree to give him three years in which to win a fortune and eligibility, and he goes to Alaska to "toil and moil for gold." But luck is against him, and he turns homeward, beaten and despirited. On the way he saves from drowning a whimsical, likable, tough individual called "Fingerless" Fraser, who insists in accompanying him. He also meets Cherry Melotte, a resourceful girl who has been considerably successful as a miner. Cherry likes him, learns his story, and proposes a way out of his difficulties. A friend of hers, George Balt, a poor, rough but worthy salmon-fisher, owns a valuable trap site, but is without means to operate a cannery; he is also an enemy of Willis Marsh, who controls the fisheries thereabouts. Cherry suggests that Emerson raise two hundred thousand dollars, join forces with Balt, and go into business. He jumps at the opportunity, returns to Chicago, gets another year's grace, and raises half the required amount, having assurance that the other half will be readily advanced by any Seattle bank. But he finds that Wayland has just formed a cannery combine, with Marsh as his active lieutenant, and that the latter is making love to Mildred, with her father's approval. He goes ahead with his project, but he is thwarted at every turn by the trust. At Seattle he cannot raise a dollar, but Cherry comes to the rescue and through her influence a bank manager advances the money required. After a series of exciting experiences he sails north with his plant, but Marsh makes all sorts of trouble for him by foul means. How his venture and his love prosper—and how Cherry comes to play an important part in the denouement—must in fairness be left to the reader of the book to discover.

The story is excellent material for the playwright, and probably Mr. Beach had the idea in mind when he wrote it. "Fingerless" Fraser, with his copious fund of amusing slang and his readiness of resource in emergency, despite his tramp disposition, would make a popular stage character. We also have a fair-fighting hero, a smooth rascal, and a fine girl, misunderstood but self-sacrificing—all the essentials of a successful drama. But the author, if he had visions of stage royalties as well as publishers' royalties when he wrote "The Silver Horde," did not allow them to interfere with the work in hand, of writing a good novel. The story is as fascinating as anything he has done. It is one of the brightest romances we may expect to see produced this season.

* * *

"THE HUMAN WAY," by Louise Collier Wilcox (Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York; price $1.25) is a collection of essays which ought to prove of considerable value to the average serious-minded reader. To the eclectic reader, indeed, the volume will at first glance seem entirely without value, for it is little more than a summary of the wisdom of the great essayists, as full of quotations and almost as lacking in originality as the work of a sophomore. But while it is better to gather philosophy direct from philosophers, a great many intelligent people are without opportunities for wide reading, and to such as these the essays contained in "The Human Way," sincere in purpose and agreeable in form as they are, may be freely commended for earnest perusal.

* * *

Those who hold John Kendrick Bangs to be a humorist will be delighted with his latest published work, a small volume entitled "The Real Thing." (Harper & Brothers, New York, publishers; price, $1.00.) The book contains four farces which are as amusing as anything Mr. Bangs has written and which are quite suitable for presentation by amateur actors or monologue artists. The first of these, "The Real Thing," is a satire on the servant problem. "The Barringtons' 'At Home'" pictures the embarrassment of a young minister and his wife, who are not allowed to arrange their household as they please—who are indeed without a home. In "The Return of Christmas" we see a rich man and his wife getting acquainted with their children on Christmas Eve. "The Side Show" introduces such freaks as The Maid That Never Breaks Anything, The Titanic Dwarf, The Heavyweight Living Skeleton, and others, including an American who can laugh over London Punch—brilliant conception, isn't it? No doubt there are thousands of people in America unappreciative of the Punch brand of humor, who will be tickled to death by the humor of Bangs in its latest manifestation.

REX BEACH,
Author of "The Silver Horde," just published by the Harpers.

* * *

A great Yarmouth correspondent of a daily paper published in the Southern States writes entertainingly about Peggotty's hut and other scenes around Yarmouth described by Dickens in "David Copperfield." So interesting, indeed, is his article, that it seems too bad that anyone who loves literary gossip of the kind should miss it altogether, so part of it is here reproduced:

A Yarmouth hundred of herring really counts 132, and in many ways the inhabitants of the old town are credited with an open-handed generosity. Peggotty told David Copperfield, you remember, that it was the finest place in the universe, to which the boy replied that "a mound or two might have improved it, and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been much nicer."

But presently, when he got into the streets and "smelt the fish and pitch and oakum and tallow, and saw the sailors walking about and the carts jingling up and down over the stones," young Copperfield admitted that he had done Yarmouth an injustice.

The remains of Peggotty's hut may still be seen, sad and forlorn, alas! but suggestive nevertheless of the quaint home where David was so happy, of Peggotty's jokes, of little Emily's pretty ways and of the dolefulness of Mrs. Gummidge. There are many ancient buildings that have stood the test of time better than the queer boat-home of Peggotty.

Formerly Yarmouth was one of the principal ports of England and its merchant adventurers enjoyed the patronage of Queen Elizabeth. Its Tolhouse claims to be the oldest municipal building in the kingdom.

* * *

The formal opening of the Toronto Reference Library on the corner of College and St. George streets will take place on the evening of Thursday, October 28, at 8 o'clock, when addresses will be delivered appropriate to the occasion. This promises to be an event which will interest may citizens, for in addition to seeing the magnificent reading room, which is not surpassed in the Public Library of any city of the size of Toronto, there will be unveiled a portrait of the late Dr. Bain, for more than twenty-five years the Chief Librarian.

* * *

The employes of the Methodist Book Room, Toronto, assembled one day this week to say good-bye to Mr. E. S. Caswell, who for twenty-eight years has devoted his energy and talent to the building up of the big publishing house on Richmond street. Mr. Caswell has resigned his position of manager of the publication department of the Book Room to become assistant librarian of the Toronto Public Library. The manner in which his fellow-workers bade him farewell, accompanying their gifts at parting with words of genuine regret, is testimony as to his standing among those who know his business and personal qualities. That he will make a successful library official no one will doubt. Those who read books know too little of the work and worry of their production. After the author has done his work he may have as much difficulty in getting his book published satisfactorily as an inventor has in marketing a useful device. To the publisher falls the task of determining whether the book is worth while, and on him also depends the work of making a volume that will be an appropriate dressing and preservative of the writer's product. The Methodist Book Room has grown to be a great publishing house because it has been not only enterprising but discriminating. It has "discovered" a number of good writers—Mr. Service for example; and every book bearing the imprint, "William Briggs, Toronto," is a thoroughly well made book. Mr. Caswell has had no little share in making the institution over which Dr. Briggs presides a great publishing house. And having helped to make good books for so many years he ought to be just the man to aid Chief Librarian Locke in placing good books at the disposal of the people of Toronto. HAL.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THERE is always a touch of gaiety and excitement about these passing days of the close of October, when so many are looking forward to the coming season; when brides of the rosy month of June and the mellow month of September are settling in their new homes, and holding "open house" to receive their new and old friends. The stranger-bride has a harder row to hoe than many persons realize; she meets scores of new people, each of whom may be a critic, however gushing and complimentary. She wears a gown never intended for her use in a small and crowded drawing room; she is often anxious about how things are being ordered in the tea room, and if the extreme'y ill-bred and inexcusable custom obtains of the callers making a tour of inspection of the upper regions, she has occasional tremors as to how they may be impressed. I wonder whose vanity or love of flattery and display first suggested that callers, Tom, Dick or Harry, should career from end to end of a bride's home? Or was the suggestion the result of vulgar curiosity on the part of some inquisitive gossip of a caller? Whichever it may have been, it has always been to very well-bred persons a procedure open to the gravest doubt. The youth in the air at this time adds to the *elan* of these passing days. For it is the hour of the debutante; from now to New Year's day she has her innings, whether she has won her ribbon by that time, or has fallen back to the crowd of "also-rans," is a yearly interest to her friends. In any case she is queen of the hour, excited, and sometimes shy, meeting experience with the valor of ignorance, and taking victory or defeat with such philosophy as she may. To the bride and the debutante "Caed mille failthe!"

Among the young matrons receiving this week have been Mrs. O'Kelly (*nee* Ross), who was at home with her mother at 5 Dunbar road on Tuesday afternoon; Mrs. Lewis Brophy, who received at her father, Mr. Rearson's residence, 311 Avenue road, on Friday, saying goodbye to her friends at the same time, as she leaves with Mr. Brophy for Vancouver immediately; Mrs. Charlie Dalton, who received on Tuesday at 28 Willcocks street, and met again a great number of the friends who were introduced to her at Mrs. C. C. Dalton's tea last week; Mrs. Frank McFarland, who received on Monday and Tuesday afternoons; Mrs. Britton Osler, who also had two receptions on Tuesday and Wednesday at 80 Crescent road; Mrs. Caulfield, who received at 1 Nanton avenue on Tuesday; and Mrs. John J. Gibbons (*nee* Cockshutt), who was receiving on Monday and Tuesday afternoons and evenings at 10 Maple ave. Beside these and several other brides, who have kept people rushing about this week, there was a lovely tea given by Mrs. Norman Allen for her two sisters at her home in Carlton street on Monday. Mrs. Pirie, who is out from England to attend the wedding of Miss Evelyn Martin this week, and that pretty bride herself. The rather gloomy day made the decorations of golden 'mums in reception and tea rooms very timely and cheerful. Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin, and Miss Temple, of Spadina road, gave teas yesterday afternoon, and to-day the Misses Morgan are giving a tea to which friends are asked to meet the Baron and Baroness Caccarmisi (Madame Blanche Marchesi). Mrs. Robins, 86 Glen road, gave a large tea on Thursday, at which Miss Marguerite Robins was presented to her mother's friends. This afternoon Mrs. Machray, 1 Bedford road, gave a young folks' tea for her pretty daughter, Miss Elaine, who has had a winter in society in Winnipeg under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald, but is now coming out for her first season in Toronto. These are just some of the events which have kept us on the move this week.

The Countess Ferdinand Collaredo-Mannsfield, nee Miss Nora Iselin, the beautiful daughter of the well-known American yachtsman and Cup defender.

Mr. Lang-Innes returned from Hillcrest to his rooms in Spadina avenue last week, and is now fairly strong again after his serious illness.

Miss Irene Doolittle, who has had an attack of appendicitis, and undergone the consequent operation, is now home from the hospital, and will be soon quite well.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Nelson Campbell, of Collier street, left last week for a tour through the British Isles and France.

Miss Juliette Gautier, the clever young violiniste and protege of Lady Laurier, is a guest at Llawhaden.

Miss Harvey the noted golfer of Hamilton, is interesting herself and her friends in the Canadian visit of Miss Mylott, of Australia, her own personal friend, and a most delightful contralto. Miss Mylott and Miss Harvey will be the guests of Mrs. Austin at Spadina, and the concert takes place in Massey Hall on October 27.

Senator Melvin-Jones left for a month's trip in the West in his private car last week and will visit Edmonton during his tour.

Mrs. and Miss Florence Spragge are home from their summer at Golden, B.C. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikens are back from Budapest. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Strathy are home from England.

Mrs. A. H. Marsh, whose recent widowhood under such sudden and trying circumstances aroused great sympathy from her many friends, went to New York last week for a stay of a couple of months. Mrs. Marsh's sister, Miss Proudfoot, and also her daughter who is married there, are in New York, and kind thoughts and hopes that the change will be of benefit to the mourner go with her from her Toronto friends. Mrs. Marsh has asked me to thank (on her behalf) all those whose sympathy and messages of affection did so much to console her in her sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Phippen of Winnipeg have taken Clover Hill for the season. Mr. Phippen resigned a judgeship in Manitoba and has come to Toronto on legal matters for Mr. W. Mackenzie.

The debutantes' luncheon will take place on November 3 at McConkey's at half-past one o'clock, and some forty guests are already invited. The number of young folks coming out this season is growing every day, and it is possible that last year's record party of fifty guests may be equalled on the day of the luncheon. Certainly in no year have so many pretty girls been assembled.

The news from Saranac Lake of the death of Mrs. Starr, who as Gladys Hardy was one of the brightest and handsomest girls of her coming-out year, has saddened her Toronto friends. Much sympathy is with the family of the late Mrs. Starr on her untimely death, after an illness of some duration.

Mrs. Morse Fellers (*nee* Johns) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday, October 27, at the Alexandra Apartments, and afterwards on the second Wednesday of each month.

Mrs. Wallbridge and Miss Janie Wallbridge have returned from several months in England and Scotland, where they have been visiting friends and relatives since last May. They arrived on the Empress of Ireland, and spent a few days in Belleville, but will be in Toronto to-day, I understand. Shortly before they left Scotland, a sister with whom Mrs. Wallbridge had been spending some particularly happy weeks, was taken suddenly ill, and after a short time deceased. This sad event will prevent the returned travellers from receiving visitors until after the New Year, and their many Toronto friends will regret to hear of it.

The executive committee in charge of the Victoria Club ball on next Tuesday night are Mr. Charles Swahey, chairman; Mr. G. H. Muntz, Mr. E. F. Garron, Mr. A. D. McArthur, Mr. De Leigh Wilson, and Mr. Gerard Muntz, hon. secretary. This able group are keenly looking after the various details that go to ensure a perfect event. The decorations are unique and lovely, the floor in prime order, and the huge space for dancing could accommodate many more than the four hundred guests who are to be present. No more delightful sitting-out places than the cosy club chambers could be imagined, and older folk whose thoughts turn kindly supperwards are to be specially considered.

On next Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Gibson will receive at Government House, an event which opens the "calling" season, and at which there will be a large number of new and lovely young faces. The hours of the reception are from half-past four to half-past six o'clock.

Mrs. Ferguson, widow of the late Hon. Senator Ferguson, has been dangerously ill at the General Hospital in Buffalo, having contracted typhoid fever. Her Toronto home is closed, and the date of her return to town is uncertain, as her convalescence will probably take time, her attack having been a very serious one. Mrs. Ferugson was not at all well the last time she was in town, as her friends will doubtless remember.

Mrs. William Grant, of Perth, announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marjorie Isobel Caldwell, and Mr. Ian Breakey, of Breakeyville, Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Lothar Reinhardt announce the engagement of their only daughter, Miss Amanda Reinhardt, and Captain Robert Wurl, Baron Lenten, of Vienna, Austria.

Mrs. McCullough, of Brandon, has left for her home after a very happy visit to Mrs. Tom Gilmour.

The engagement of Miss Lillias Ahearn, of Buena Vista, Ottawa, and Mr. Harry Southam, of Hamilton, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Meta Macbeth and Mr. Frederick Holmes Hopkins, of Lindsay, is announced.

The death of Mrs. George H. Hees, which occurred last Thursday week, October 14, after a very long and painful illness, deprived husband and family of a most cherished and devoted wife and mother. Mrs. Hees had few intimate friends, but to those few her genial personality was dear and her character an inspiration. Her home was always her chosen sphere, and although much travelled and more than usually bright and observant, she loved her own fireside and the society of her people best of all. A rarely happy union and a loving circle of children and grandchildren made her life full and pleasant, and her great courage under suffering and trial was a lesson her friends will never forget. The remains were taken to Oswego for interment in the family mausoleum Mrs. Hees having been a native of that city.

Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson have returned from Europe after having made a delightful trip through Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, and a two weeks' stay in Paris. Miss Laura Ryerson remains at school in Lausanne.

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A Corner on the Curb

By Zoe Anderson Norris

IT was not on Wall Street that the blind man had a corner on the curb, as would appear at first blush; but on First avenue, there at Twelfth street, at the pushcart market where the pushcart people gather of a Saturday morning and stand and sit on the curbs yelling and selling their wares from early dawn till dark and later.

"He has had that corner for twelve years," grumbled the little old brown-wigged orange woman who wanted it herself.

She said it loud enough for him to hear. I stood there in the sunlight by his side and I heard it. How then could it escape his ears whose sense of hearing was doubly quickened by his loss of sight?

I hurried to speak with him for fear he had heard.

"These short fat candles are not as heavy as they used to be," I said, "and they are dearer, too, aren't they? Two cents apiece!"

The blind man took up a short fat candle and weighed it thoughtfully.

"They are not so heavy," he decided. "The panic has affected the candle trade. But then it is a curious thing that while the short fat candles are dearer the tall thin ones are cheaper. You can have them for a cent apiece to-day."

As a matter of fact all his candles were cheap enough, cheaper than any others in the neighborhood.

At first I wondered if he pilfered them, but when I got to know the blind man that thought perished. It would be impossible for a man of his broad philosophy to steal. Sometimes when I had no need of candles I went down to his corner on the curb to hear him talk. I wrote small squibs of his quaint views for the newspapers. Indeed, through this method, the blind man became quite well known, though he never knew it. As well not, else the keen edge of his wit might have worn thin. That often happens.

At first, standing there in the sunlight bare headed, my little market satchel on my arm, I had it in my heart to pity him.

Standing in the midst of the brilliancy of the pushcart market, revelling in the rich ripe coloring of it—the dark flashy-eyed woman with the red ribbons in their hair, the red-cheeked men, the baskets of oranges lighting the day along with the sunshine, the cool clear green of the grapes, the yellow of the bananas—seeing it all and he so near me in the pitch dark I pitied him. But that was when I first knew the blind man. Never afterward. I quite forgot in time that he was blind; that is, I forgot the pity of it. He seemed not to care, so why should I care?

And how strange that he should have selected the selling of candles, the lighting of the homes of other people, he who was blind!

"Don't you lose a lot of money?" I asked him once, seeing a boy take a box of five-cent matches, hand him two cents and skip.

"I suppose I do," he answered tranquilly. "Some of these people are thieves, I suppose, but then a lot of them are honest, too. This world is made up of the two kinds, good and bad, but I have some friends around here on the corner, who won't let me be robbed too much. I have been here so long."

And remembering the little old brown-wigged orange woman, I thought he had some enemies, too, as he put five short fat candles in a paper sack for me and ten long thin ones.

I handed him a new nickel. He fingered it thoughtfully and was about to hand me back change for a quarter when I took it from him and laughed.

"You see," I said, "how easy it is to fool you. The nickel has as rough an edge as the quarter. You can hardly tell the difference. Now, how many people have passed it on you for a quarter, do you suppose?"

His face showed some chagrin at being so easily gulled.

"A good many, maybe," he acknowledged, "but I do like to hear you laugh. I can tell how you look, I think, by the way you laugh. It is so joyous."

"How do I look?" I asked him.

"You are tall and slight and blue-eyed," he answered, "and your hair is yellow like sunlight and you have little white hands."

"Good!" said I, wishing some of my male acquaintances might tell how I look by my laugh, seeing I am so different.

Not that I wish they were blind. Oh, no! But if they could be just a little blind!

But I was keeping customers away from the blind man. I turned to go and then it was that the little old fiendish orange woman roosting near said once more aloud, as she held out an orange in each hand—hands the color of old parchment and as wrinkled—

"He has been on that corner for twelve years. It's time for him to go away."

I turned on her. The blind man was busy selling some short fat candles. It may have been that he hadn't heard.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I stormed, "to begrudge him standing room in the world, and he blind."

For life is simple on the East Side and you speak your mind.

"His blindness sells his candles for him," she sniffed. "It brings him luck. He ought to be glad of it. He'd be plowing if he could see."

"Something will happen to you for that," I threatened. "Either the goblins 'll get you or all the people will quit buying your old oranges."

But nothing happened to her. Nothing ever happens to the wicked people. They go on greenly flourishing the same as in the time of Solomon. The goblins passed her by and the next Saturday morning, when the pushcart market was in full blast, there she sat serenely on the corner with her basket of oranges and the blind man was gone.

"Where has he gone?" I demanded to know. She shook her brown-wigged head.

"How can I tell?" she queried. "He may be dead for all I know. Want some oranges? Three cents apiece! Two for five!"

If I had been obliged to go without oranges for the rest of my natural existence, nothing could have forced me to buy one from her. I walked aimlessly along in the sunlight with the screaming herd, thinking of the blind man and wondering where he had gone. Had he died?

Well, if he had? There are worse things than dying. Life sometimes. And, anyway, I thought I knew with what cheerful philosophy the blind man would meet death.

I could fancy I heard him confronted all at once by the Bright Light crying out:

"Ah! How good it is to see!"

But he was not dead. I prowl about much on the East Side and in one of my prowlings I came upon him. It was a long way down on the East Side, not far from East Broadway, on another corner, which was his by rights this time, for he had bought it.

The blind man was running a news stand on this corner.

I went gladly up to him and held out my hand. I laughed as I said, "How-de-do?"

"Ah," said he, smiling his bland smile. "It is you? I would have known you by your laugh if I hadn't known you by your hand. I am glad to see you."

"And how do you manage the selling of papers?" I asked him. "I can't understand."

"I used to be in this business long ago," he told me. "It is easy when you once get the hang of it. I put the papers in an exact row. I know just where they are. Now, here is a World, here is a Journal, here The Herald, The Times, The Evening Mail, The Globe, and The Press," and he did put his finger correctly on each. "I get the boy to place them for me every morning. Then there is a little difference in the size and shape of the papers. I can tell them apart by that."

"But you can't tell which is yellow and which has only the news that is fit to print by their feel, can you?" I questioned.

"No," he answered, "I can't tell that," and he seemed a little downcast at the thought, so much so that I added lightly:

"Never mind. One has pictures and the other hasn't, that is all. And so nobody pays you one cent and takes a three-cent paper?" for at that moment a man came up and did the thing, hurrying light-footedly on, fleeter, perhaps, and lighter for his lack of conscience.

The blind man shrugged his shoulders.

"If they do," he said, "I am none the wiser, being blind, and what you don't know hardly ever hurts you."

"But doesn't it foot up at the end of the day?" said I.

"Not so much as you would think," he reasoned, blandly. "There are thieves in the world, but there are honest people, more honest than dishonest, I believe. These honest people and charitable often come by and give me many times more than the paper is worth because I am blind, and so that evens it up, you see."

I bought a few papers and slipped them back when he had turned his head. Why read the papers when you write for them?

"I am sorry," I said as I counted out the change, "that you have quit selling candles on that curb. I miss you. I liked your candles. They burned so beautifully for my little parties. They were so heavy they burned and burned. No matter if they stayed till four o'clock, I never had to change the candles or light the gas. Why did you leave that corner of yours? When people sit on a pushcart corner so long it is theirs, isn't it? You had stood on yours twelve years."

Again the blind man shrugged his shoulders.

"That was it," he said. "I stayed too long. Everything changes in this world. Nothing remains the same. If you stay in a place too long you get in a rut. You must keep on changing if you want to keep up with the times. And then, too, there were other reasons."

I never asked the other reasons. I knew. It must have been like pulling himself up by the roots to leave that corner of the curb to which he had grown. It must have racked the blind man's soul to change not only his place of habitation but his occupation in life. Yet not a word of complaint! Only a flush on his face that faded and left it just a little sad.

Oh, yes! He must have heard what the fiendish old brown-wigged woman said. Of course he had heard it. I hated her for that. Never again did I buy her oranges of a Saturday morning when I went bare-headed to the pushcart market with my net satchel on my arm in the pushcart style. I passed her without a word of greeting.

But what mattered that to her? What did she care? She was in possession of the blind man's corner on the curb.—From The East Side.

DINING CARS ON COBALT SPECIAL.

The Grand Trunk have arranged with the T. & N. O. Ry., commencing Monday morning, Oct. 25, to operate a parlor-library-cafe car on the Cobalt trains, 47 and 46, serving meals a la carte, between North Bay, Cobalt, Haileybury, Liskeard and Englehart. This will enable visitors to the silver country to enjoy a comfortable breakfast, northbound, and evening dinner, south, which is filling a long-felt want and one which will be appreciated by its patrons.

"The boasted organization of our civilization is an organization for 'grown-ups' and has left the child out of its calculations," says Dr. Woods Hutchison. "Half a century ago our social and industrial organization was so loose that there was plenty of room for the child to grow up in the gaps and interspaces. Now it is so compact that he scarcely has breathing room and no play room. We have gone far to civilize the business of play out of existence. The modern city child has lost his most precious birthright, the backyard."

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"A Kentucky Couple," said Mrs. Simpkins, "got married a few days ago, after a courtship which had lasted fifty years." "I suppose," replied Mr. Simpkins, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."—Daily News.

Mr. Brown, looking for his wife, asked the cook: "Bridget, can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?" Bridget, evidently embarrassed, hesitated before replying, "I think they are in the wash, sorr."—Success.

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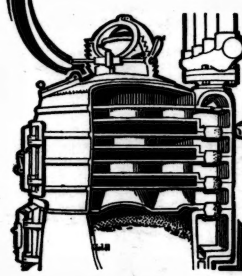

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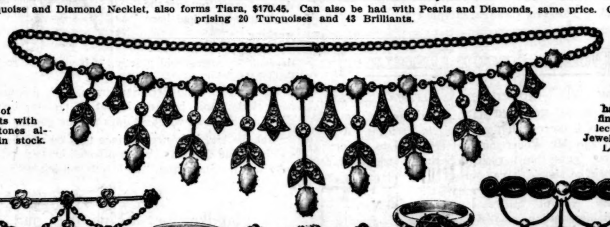

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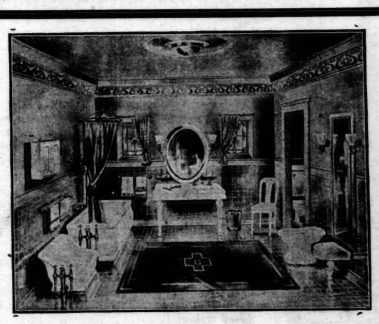

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!?. POETS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

How Mr. Robertson Caught a Train.

JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON, proprietor of The Telegram, is thoroughly democratic in his ideas. A week or two ago Mr. Robertson had arranged to go out of town, but found that a rush of business just at the period when he should have left the office to be in good time for his train, delayed him until he had barely time to reach the station, otherwise than by walking.

As luck would have it his automobile was not available. Mr. Robertson reached the street and there, waiting, drawn up with its stern to the sidewalk, stood one of the new delivery automobiles which now whisk huge bundles of Telegrams at a brisk rate throughout the city every business afternoon. Although the name of the newspaper is displayed prominently on each side of these cars, this did not deter the proprietor. He jumped in beside the driver and told the latter to get him to the station quicker'n scat. The chauffeur did what he could, and the station was reached in record time. John Ross got his train, and the chauffeur got his next day in the police court for speeding. But as John Ross paid the fine, little the chauffeur cared.

The Appointment of "Joe" Rogers.

THE appointment of Inspector "Joe" Rogers to the post of Superintendent of Criminal Investigation of the Province of Ontario, has led to a great deal of criticism which reads rather strangely to the reporters who have been accustomed to work with him in the investigation of cases in the province for a good many years past. What he has done to merit the wholesale condemnation visited on him by one or two newspapers, who in this case were certainly not actuated by party motives, is difficult to explain. The explanation probably lies in the fact that a detective, by virtue of his calling, makes a good many enemies. Moreover, there is no calling in which professional jealousy is so rampant, and more of the pleasant things which fall to the lot of the detective in the way of trips abroad on extradition cases have fallen to Rogers' lot than to most other Canadian officials. He was always more noted for his executive system in handling a case than for the showy methods associated with the great detective. That is to say, he pursued more of the method in use at Scotland Yard and by the Pinkerton agency of making a complete record of all details of a case in writing. In this way he had his witnesses tied down to their original assertions. For this reason criminal lawyers in charge of the defence in cases which he had charge of were rather "leery" of tampering with witnesses in cases which he had charge of.

The qualities which the public appreciates in a detective are brilliant initiative, but this quality alone does not always secure convictions. For instance, everyone is familiar with the discoveries of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, but in most of the mysteries solved by him a clever crown prosecutor would find a very weak case to go to a jury with. The difference between Rogers and men of more considerable reputation is that between a good methodical desk-man in a well organized newspaper office, and a brilliant descriptive writer. And under the reorganization of the department of criminal investigation it will be desk work that he will have to do. His especial fitness for the position lies in his knowledge of every nook and corner of the vast province of Ontario and of the capabilities of the local officials who have for years back been a stumbling block in the way of justice. There are many arguments against the bureaucratic system in ordinary affairs of Government, but unquestionably the time had arrived when it was the only solution in this province. Not only in criminal matters was this so, but in the administration of the health regulations and of the license law there has been much difficulty owing to wrangling between the local officials and those of the Government. It will be the task of Mr. Rogers to see that the men under him attend to their duties and to "keep tab" on them, and no one who is familiar with his executive capabilities doubts that if he sets himself to the task that he will prove capable in this respect.

It may be said that the work of cleaning up the circus business in Ontario was practically his work, although the Hardy administration got the credit of it. Before the present laws were put into force, the advent of a circus, especially of the smaller variety, meant the arrival of a troupe of burglars, confidence men and pickpockets, in addition to more violent types of criminals. It was Rogers who suggested the statute which took the regulation of circuses in a measure from the municipalities and substituted a provincial license and provincial inspection. He was also the man who put it into execution so effectively that the business has been cleaned up in Canada, and most of the northern States have adopted similar legislation.

Proud Negro Feared Publicity.

IN Toronto's big City Hall they're re-telling an old story which is meeting with a good reception. The yarn is on Assistant City Clerk Sanderson.

In the old City Hall, as in the present one, the office for registering births was part of the City Clerk's office Well, there came to that office in the old City Hall a big, jolly negro.

"Is Mistah Sanderson in?" asked the negro, who was well acquainted with that gentleman.

"Yes," answered City Clerk Littlejohn. "But do you want to see him personally?"

"Yes, suh," answered the caller.

"Here's a gentleman to see you," called Mr. Littlejohn, and Mr. Sanderson came out of the vault where he had been working.

Sidling up to Mr. Sanderson, the negro said quietly, "Ah wants to register a little baby."

"All right," said Mr. Sanderson, and, pointing over to a clerk whose business it was to register births, he added, "That man will fix things up for you."

But the big, jolly negro's face took on a serious look, and in a tone that was almost offended he said, reproachfully to Mr. Sanderson, "Well, yeh needn't spread it all over the town."

Handkerchief Shirts in Court.

EVERY lawyer that appears either to argue a case or to make a motion before any of the High Court judges in the non-jury court is supposed to wear his black gown when so doing. Occasionally a lawyer will arrive in court from out of town, or from another court minus his gown, or a case will come on so suddenly that he won't have time to get into his legal togs. So with many apologies and asking the sanction of the court, one occasionally takes part in a case clad in his business suit. Wallace Nesbitt did so before Justice Latchford last week. Justice Riddell has "called" lawyers for trying it.

With the black gown necessarily go the white shirt front and the white tie. There is a tale of a daring barrister being called into court suddenly before a stickler of a judge, who folded the black cloth lying on a typewriter, over his coat and appeared to speak to a motion without the court's noticing the deception. But while it is hard to appear to wear a gown when a lawyer actually hasn't one for the occasion, it is a different matter with the shirts and ties. Although to gaze at them in court one would say that each lawyer under his black gown wore a white shirt and tie, an examination for discovery would disclose the fact that at least a third of them don't. A lawyer hustled into the rear room of this court last week, pulled off a red tie, unbuttoned his collar, took a handkerchief already crumpled in the pocket, slipped one end of the handkerchief over his collar button, buttoned the collar over this substance, put on his waistcoat and gown, and behold, there he was clad for the fray. He looked as if he had a ruffled white shirt on. In reality he had on a checked colored shirt, hidden by the handkerchief.

A brother lawyer did precisely the same thing, only it was found that he also lacked the white bow tie that goes with the shirt and collar. He tried vainly to beg a tie. Finally another lawyer took a paper pad and drew on it the outline of a white bow tie, cutting it out afterwards with his knife and passing it to the man minus the tie.

"Just the thing," exclaimed the other lawyer. He put a dab of mucilage on the back of this paper tie, stuck it on the bogus shirt front and sailed serenely into court to represent his client. Three feet away from him anyone would imagine he wore a white tie.

Besides pressing handkerchiefs into service as temporary shirts, lawyers use dickeys, and occasionally large sheets of white paper for a flying appearance. Others would scorn to show up unless immaculately clad. There is one lawyer who always appears in a "white" shirt, but while it may conform to correct tradition, it is generally in such a dilapidated shape that one wonders at the custom that allows such a thing in court. The shirt always appears to have been worn from three days to a week, and every High Court judge on the bench has privately remarked on it.

A Poker Story.

SOME months ago there appeared in these columns the story of a dog who rescued a fire insurance policy from a burning house, which was not received with that absolute belief usually given to so circumstantial a narrative. Perhaps, however, the reader will credit the following tale, which is told by an elderly Torontonian of sportive proclivities.

It used to be this gentleman's custom to make periodical visits to New York and to stay at the Gilsey House, once the home of good-fellowship. Two or three days ago the old gentleman noticed a paragraph in a newspaper that the celebrated building was to be destroyed, and it led to reminiscences.

"The most providential thing that ever happened to me occurred in that hotel," he said. "I went to New York with a considerable roll, and after I had been at the Gilsey House for a day or two I fell in with a number of guests who also regarded the famous old hotel as home. One night about eleven we sat down to a little game of poker. We started with small stakes, but by the time the wee sma' hours were reached, it was dollar ante. We all played along with varying luck, so that no one wanted to quit. All of us were from out of town, and did not need to think of what wifie would say when we got home. The game went on and on, as poker games will do. The first streak of dawn found it at its height. Someone got up and opened the shutters to let the cigar smoke out, and the sun came in and found the players jaded, but in no mood to quit. Breakfast hour passed, but a few crackers was all the breakfast we wanted. Ten o'clock found me broke, though the game had been absolutely on the square. I was sitting around watching the play before turning in for a good day's sleep, and jangling two or three coppers, all I had left of my roll. All of a sudden a hand-organ started to play an old song, 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie,' on the pavement below, and presently a monkey came climbing up to the window with a tin-cup in his hand. I thought I might as well let the monkey have the coppers, and went over to the window to drop them in his cup. To my surprise I found that someone had dropped a five dollar gold piece into the cup in mistake for a penny. It seemed a shame to rob the poor monkey, but I could not resist the temptation. Hastily exchanging the coppers for it, I grasped the gold piece, took a hand in the game, and, luck favoring me in a round of jack-pots, I won back all I had lost and a little more in half an hour."

A LITTLE MISTAKE

Customer: Do you keep stationery?
Commissionaire (new to the business): No, mum; we keep shifting about.

Lady Cardigan's "Recollections"

In London society even the Budget has been obliged to render up first place, for the time being, to Lady Cardigan's book. There is one thing at least to say for the production, which pertains to be the life and doings of the Countess of Cardigan and Lancaster, and her friends and acquaintances, and that is, it will sell. In fact we are told that the bookshops in the better portions of London are fairly teeming with people anxious to obtain copies of this remarkable work.

There is something almost uncanny in the thought that the authoress of this book—still enjoying life, still without a pang of indigestion, with the powers of satirical observation and enjoyment which this book shows—can remember personalities who seem to us the legendary figures of history—too legendary to realize as having been seen by our own contemporaries, and as having lived and had their being like other people. But here they come forth from their tombs and their niches, and once again walk the earth, with Lady Cardigan making them give ghastly grins as she recounts and recalls their flirtations, their rivalries, their physical defects, their adventures, now farcical, now tragic.

A bust of the Countess of Cardigan, taken shortly after her marriage with the late Lord Cardigan.

Her husband, Lord Cardigan was in command of the famous Six Hundred when they made—"Oh the wild charge they made"—in the Crimean war. "I have often," says Lady Cardigan, "been asked whether he confided to me anything particular about the Charge of the Light Brigade, but the truth is that he never seemed to attach any importance to the part he played."

This is her own story of how she came to marry Lord Cardigan. The first Lady Cardigan died on the morning of July 12, 1858, and this is what happened: "On the morning of July 12, 1858, I was awakened at seven o'clock by a loud knocking at the front door. It was Lord Cardigan. I had just time to slip on my dressing gown when he came into my room, and said: 'My dearest, she's dead; let's get married at once.'"

The writer of these Recollections actually refused Disraeli's offer of marriage.

"In 1873 Disraeli, left a widower, proposed to her. And this is her comment:—

"'I had known Disraeli all my life, and I liked him very well. He had, however, one drawback, so far as I was concerned, and that was his breath—the ill odour of politics, perhaps! In ancient Rome a wife could divorce her husband if his breath were unpleasant, and had Dizzy lived in these days his wife would have been able to divorce him without any difficulty. I was wondering whether I could possibly put up with this unfortunate attribute in a great man when I met the King, who was graciously pleased to ride with me. In the course of our conversation, I told him about Disraeli's proposal, and asked him whether he would advise me to accept it, but the King said he did not think the marriage would be a happy one for me.'

"There is realism for you," comments Mr. O'Connor. "The dazzling romancer, the most daring and successful adventurer—except Napoleon—in history. The man who made an ancient Queen into an Empress, who subdued and led the ancient aristocracy of England—climbing to the Premiership of the greatest of empires from a Jewish home and a lawyer's office—there he stands before us, belittled, shamed, and made almost sordid and abhorrent by this cruel and undazzled female observer, as simply a man with a foul breath."

Lady Cardigan knew the late Emperor Napoleon when he was an obscure and penniless prince in London. She heard Theodore Hook sing through several evenings; and—perhaps this is one of the most interesting figures in her picture gallery—she knew well the noble man who stood for Thackeray's immortal figure of the Marquis of Steyne. Lady Cardigan often strips off the glamour of history from her figures; but, in the case of the Marquis of Steyne, her clear realistic mind, with her indulgent temper for the weakness of the flesh, strips something off the halo of romance, mitigates something of the horror of the picture, and paints a much less dark and much less heroic grandiose picture of the Marquis of Steyne as she saw him than as he appeared in Thackeray's terrible indictment.

In the flesh, Lord Steyne was the Marquis of Hertford. "I think," writes Lady Cardigan, "Thackeray did a great deal of malign Lord Hertford, and he did not deserve it."

"There is, no doubt, of course, that he was a *roue*. The society he lived in, his great wealth, his Epicurean tendencies all combined to make him exceptional in his passions and unscrupulous in his mode of gratifying them. But, after all, he only wore his rue with a difference, and he always looked a great nobleman, never forgetting his manners, however much he neglected his morals—a refreshing contrast to the fast young man of to-day, who is apt to forget manhood, morals, and manners in his desire to have a good time."

The Countess of Cardigan and Lancaster, whose memoirs, just published, are creating a sensation.

Side by side with these anecdotes and sketches of people, bitten into copper with vitriol, there run—with delightful female inconsequence—naïve confessions of her own charms, the havoc they played in many hearts; and the impressions of some of her admirers would have made them turn in their graves if they could have read them, if regions beyond the skies enjoyed the luxury of a Lending Library. Now and then this audacious chronicler drags down an eminence from the pedestal. She meets a Royalty, and this is what she says:

"The old Duchess of Cambridge was one of the house-party at Egerton Lodge, and she very good-naturedly offered to take care of me on my journey to London, as we were both leaving the same day. We travelled together, and, directly the train started, the Duchess opened a large reticule and took out a German sausage, which she devoured with great relish, cutting slices off it with a silver knife, with which she transferred them to her mouth."

Overheard in Saskatoon.

A WESTERN reader of SATURDAY NIGHT reports having overheard the following in the reading-room of the Flanagan House, Saskatoon:

TYPICAL WESTERNER (which means a man who did nothing, for next to nothing a week, in some Ontario village) came West on a harvest excursion, "made a stake," bought a few city lots—talked prosperity till it came—sold his lots, and wouldn't go back east—No, Sir! to stranger who is just folding up a copy of SATURDAY NIGHT:

"Toronto paper? Ain't seen one for a long time. Let's have a look."

He glances through paper and returns it with the remark: "A *Toronto* paper, and *not a damned thing about Saskatoon* in it!"

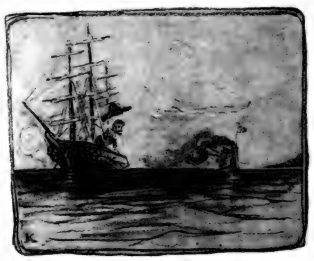
The Columbia State notes that in view of the contention about it, the Pole has maintained a very gentlemanly and commendable attitude throughout.

The Cleveland Leader wants to know why it is that if Peary has Dr. Cook "nailed," as he says, he keeps on hammering.

Beresford at the Chincha Islands

A RECOLLECTION

JOSEPH JAMES, who hails from Actinolite, Ont., and whose chief occupation at the moment is mining gold, actinolite, arsenic and other things, worth more or less per ton, strolled into Toronto the other day. James is big, lusty, wholesome and of an uncertain age. James



has strolled around the world a bit with his eyes open, and as Kipling said of Bob Evans, James has "lived more stories than Zogbaum or I could invent."

"I saw a lot of stories of Lord Charles Beresford," remarked James, who manages to keep up with the topics of the day even if he does live in a world where trolley cars, autos and big hotels are unknown. "But here is one I didn't see in print," remarked the visitor as he shifted his two hundred pounds into a comfortable position; and I cannot do better than tell it just as the big miner told it to me:

"It was back in '68 or '69, I can't say which, though Beresford could. It so happened that I was at the Chincha Islands. The name is not familiar? Didn't suppose it would be. Well, they lie in the Pacific some fourteen miles off the coast of Peru, and in those days the guano lay on them 125 feet deep in some places. If it had not been for the guano deposits, they would hardly be worth marking on the map, for they are only three rocky, arid humps upon which the penguins and other wild birds of the Pacific have for thousands of years made their nests.

"To go back a bit I might explain that Peru fought insurrection after insurrection in the early days. She had enemies both at home and abroad, and the Peruvian government in order to get the necessary sinews of war, borrowed from the Barings, and that great London banking house took as security the Chincha Islands for a stated period of years, the idea being to work the guano beds until debt and interest were both paid.

"It was a great trade. As many as three hundred vessels, most of them old hookers, plied in those times between the Chinchas and the Mersey, and many a poor devil lost his life in the business, for when a ship loaded with guano sprung a leak there was no help for her. She went down and that's all there was of it. If the ocean between the Chinchas and the Mersey could be lifted up, one long line of guano ships could yet be seen. You understand it made no difference to the Barings. They paid only for the cargos landed safely at the British docks.

"When I struck the Chinchas the guano trade was at its height. In the port of Pisco, some thirty miles or so from the Chinchas, lay an English frigate which bossed the business for the British nation and saw to it that all was regular, while the Peruvians had one of these big double-bank frigates—you know the kind; those old three-masters, carrying three tiers of guns and standing out of the water like a brown stone front—stationed at the Chinchas.

"Those Peruvians had peculiar ideas of meting out punishment and one of the oddest of the lot was chaining some poor devil to a buoy, said buoy being so constructed that one had to keep pumping constantly to keep the buoy and himself above water. Of all the inventions of the devil that was the worst. Pumping to keep afloat was all right for an hour or two, but when a man was chained to a buoy in the morning and not taken off for say twenty-four hours, I cannot imagine a worse torture, and I very much doubt if a Peruvian could. It was the last word in the torture business and it had their old enemies the Spaniards beaten to a finish.

"However, so long as they confined this particular form of sport to Portuguese or their own countrymen nothing was thought of it. But one fine day the craft in port discovered that two Englishmen were astride those buoys, pumping for dear life to keep afloat. Without a moment's delay a well-manned cutter was despatched to Pisco where the English frigate lay, for it was useless for civilians to bear down under the guns of that double-bank Peruvian frigate and attempt to get those Englishmen away.

"The officer in command of the cutter made his report to the British frigate's commander in due time and the commander in turn summoned an English gunboat. What was told the ranking officers of that little gunboat I have no means of knowing, but anyhow in a short space of time there was a big bank of black smoke on the horizon of the chinchas and soon the gunboat loomed into view. In between the guano boats she made her way, the commanding officer, a shortish, well-set-up chap in dapper uniform, in the shrouds—you know a vessel of that size hasn't a quarter-deck. The gun boat made her way to the side of the big Peruvian frigate, looking the size of a sparrow as compared with a full grown turkey cock."

"'I'll give you twenty minutes to get those men off the buoys and safe on board ship,'" yelled the gunboat's commander through a trumpet. "'Twenty minutes,'" he repeated, "'or I'll blow you out of the water'"

"In ten minutes time," concluded James, "those two Englishmen were safely aboard, and the man in the shrouds was Commander Charles Beresford, of Her Majesty's Navy." X. Y. Z.

A Successful Canadian Actor.

OCCASIONALLY those who read the English newspapers see the name of Acton Bond mentioned in connection with various official events connected with the stage, but few are aware that he is by birth a Canadian, born in the city of Toronto half a century ago. He came of an English family of distinction, then resident here, and which afterwards returned to the motherland. He was there educated by private tuition and drifted upon the stage as a result of his connection with the Whittington and other amateur theatrical societies then existing in London.

At that time there was an actor in England who, though of secondary importance in an artistic sense, was extremely popular throughout Great Britain and had a wide classic repertoire. Of his company Acton Bond became a member and gained a wide experience in repertoire throughout the provinces. At the time of the partnership between Sir John Hare and W. H. Kendal he joined their forces, and made his first London appearance as a professional in a small part. Later, he was in the company of Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum and had important roles in "King Henry VII.," "Becket," "King Lear," "Richelieu," and "Louis XI." When Beerbohm Tree produced "The Tempest" some years ago Bond played Prospero to the latter's Caliban for fifty nights. He also played a prominent role in "The Only Way," the production in which Martin Harvey sprung into fame by his beautiful performance of Sydney Carton. It is said of him that he has played in almost every theatre in the vast city of London. Two years ago he essayed "Macbeth" with some measure of success. It is, however, his activities outside of the realm of the stage which have brought him in close touch with the public. He is honorary general director of the Popular Dramatic Readings British Empire Shakespeare Society, which has a membership of more than ten thousand persons.

He is a noted specialist on the speaking voice and in the social life of the theatrical profession he is very prominent. He was secretary and organizer of the Ellen Terry jubilee benefit entertainment in 1906, and was one of the charter members of the Irving memorial committee. He has also dabbled in playwriting. He was joint author of a classic skit, "Pilate and Ovid's Daughter," and also helped to dramatize J. Stover Clouston's delightful travesty, "A Lunatic at Large." So far as one knows he has never visited his native city in a profession capacity, but no doubt we shall see him some day.

Controller Ward—His Stunt.

WHETHER J. J. Ward runs for Mayor of Toronto this year or not, and whether or not he is successful, the genial Controller has something on all the rest of the candidates at present in the race or to be later announced. J. J. Ward is master of a trick that may or may not be any criterion of his ability to run a city. Many of his friends have seen him do it, and they say it's as good as anything seen at Shea's.

Controller Ward is able to take a pencil in his right hand and a pencil in his left hand, and beginning with each point an inch apart to start writing a letter with the right hand in the usual way, at the same time forming the same words backwards in the same style of handwriting with the pencil held in his left hand. The left hand writing can be read only by holding the paper up to the light and looking through it. Just how hard a stunt this is may be discovered by anyone who never attempts to write with the left hand. Take a pencil and try to form a script letter with it, and the result will resemble the schoolboy's effort after he graduates from drawing capital letters. Many people about the City Hall have seen Controller Ward do this, and they say there's always a nook left for him in vaudeville.

The Cement Company's President.

THE election of C. H. Cahan to the office of President of the Canada Cement Company, gives him a position in the public eye corresponding to the importance he has long occupied in the minds of the insiders in the Canadian financial world.

Among the bluenose contributions to that body, there are the trained bankers like McLeod and Stavert, and the youthful and ambitious promoters like Dave Russell and Max Aitken. Mr. Cahan can be classed with neither. The first thirty years of his life were taken up in a struggle to get an education. He was past twenty-eight when he graduated from Dalhousie College, and immediately took the editorial chair of The Halifax Evening Mail. A few years in journalism were the prelude to law and a partnership in the legal firm of Harris, Henry and Cahan.

Opportunity to engage in larger affairs came to him with the formation of the Dominion Coal Company and the accompanying development of the industries of Nova Scotia. Mr. Cahan, who was born fifty-one years ago at Hebron, near Yarmouth, N.S., is of stature approaching the gigantic. With a grand physique and a well-stored mind, he is, no doubt, just about entering upon greater industrial activities than those in which he has already been so successful at home and abroad.

"A year is not much in a man's life," he once said to the writer, and if he ever sets up a coat of arms, the legend will probably read, "Festina Lente."

Preparing for the Passion Play.

OBERAMMERGAU is already busy with preparations for the performances of the Passion Play which will take place next year. Thirty dates have been fixed between May 16 and September 25, of which nineteen are Sundays. Extra performances are sometimes given on Mondays, when there are more people in the village on the preceding Sundays than can find places in the theatre.

The great problem of the Passion Play committee is to prevent the performances from degenerating into commercialism. The play commemorates the departure of the plague from the village in 1633, and the devoutness of the actors is no less now than it has ever been; but already this autumn agents have canvassed the entire village to buy up sleeping accommodation for next summer, and prices have been offered for single rooms which have almost turned the heads of the peasants.

No one can witness the Passion Play who has not spent the previous night in the village itself. Every house is registered as possessing a certain amount of sleeping accommodations, and the total number of beds in the village is approximately the number of seats in the theatre—4,200. One-third of the beds in each house must be placed at the disposal of the local official lodging bureau. The householders may make their own terms for the other beds, with a maximum charge rigidly fixed by the committee.

Three great tourist offices of London, Berlin and Munich (says a European correspondent of the New York Sun) have secured a certain number of beds for the night before each performance. Many of the villagers are reserving accommodation for visitors of 1900 to whom they are pledged and whom they regard as friends.

The burgomaster, Herr Bauer, has promised all his available beds to an English woman who has taken a villa at Garmisch, twelve miles away, and will convey her guests to the village in a motor car. She has already received 200 applications for the accommodation

The large firms of tourist agents have already about 3,000 applications and the local bureau is receiving scores daily. Offers of $6 and $7 a night for convertible sitting rooms, which the villagers would gladly let in ordinary seasons for 25 cents a day, are being made by agents; but such speculative offers have no chance of acceptance.

Anton Lang, who will be the Christus, as in 1900, is now 35. Since the last performance he has married a pretty young woman and they have three children. He is still a working potter and his little shop is constantly invaded by visitors. He played Christus in 1905 in a special play on the history of David, and his wife complains that he often spet five hours a day signing photographs.

All profits from the sale of seats will be administered by the committee for the benefit of the village as usual. The actors are only nominally compensated. For them it is a labor of love and devotion.

It is expected that about 200,000 persons will go to the play next year, including fully 40,000 English and Americans.

Postal Service Two Thousand Years Ago.

HOW the ancient Egyptians conducted a State postal service more than 2,150 years ago is shown by a papyrus on view at the Imperial Postal Museum in Berlin. It dates from the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who reigned from 283 to 247 B.C., when postal deliveries were confined to stations along the Nile. The papyrus is of the nature of a waybill and bears the signatures of five postal officials who would correspond to the present sorters, postmen and branch superintendents. The document reads somewhat as follows:

On this, the 16th day . . . I, Alexander, received the following: For Ptolemy the King, 1 letter packet; for Appolonius of the Exchequer, 1 letter packet and 2 letters; for Antiochus the Cretan, 1 letter packet; for Menodorus, 1 letter packet; for Chelos, 1 letter packet. Delivered the above into the hands of Nicodemus, this the 17th day. . . . Signed, Alexander.

This morning, the . . . I, Phœnix junior, son of Heraclitus the Macedonian, have delivered to Aminon 1 letter packet and paid expenses to Phanias, the carrier. I, Aminon, delivered the above to Theochrestus, etc. etc."

It is noteworthy that the time of the despatch of parcels is given with routine-like regularity. Mention is further made of letter packets to the chief of the elephant hunt: to Theogenes, the tax collector; to Zoilos the chief of the exchequer at Hermopolis, and various other departmental chiefs.

Bismarck's Loves.

A NEW Bismarck biography written by Professor Erich Marck, contains interesting revelations regarding the Iron Chancellor's youthful loves. It was "a charming English girl," described by Professor Marck as a Miss Russell, who belonged to the "highest English aristocracy," to whom the young statesman first paid ardent court and to whom he was at one time engaged. Bismarck was twenty-two years old, and had just mounted the first rung of the Prussian bureaucratic ladder as a "referendar" at Aix-la-Chapelle.

He met Miss Russell at Wiesbaden in 1836 in the company of her uncle and aunt, "the Duke and Duchess of C." The young people's acquaintance was renewed in 1837, and on that occasion Bismarck made no secret of his tender fondness for "the British blonde of unusual beauty."

Bismarck is said by his biographer to have been so devoted to Miss Russell that he neglected pressing official duties to follow her to Switzerland, and a betrothal "appears actually to have taken place." Bismarck is said to have exceeded his leave from official duties by two months. Then, remembering that he was a Prussian Civil Servant, he wrote from Berne to his superiors begging humbly for forgiveness.

Shortly afterwards the engagement to the "irresistible English miss" was broken off, "when, where, or why," writes Marck, "nobody seems ever to have heard."

A Deserved Appointment

GENERAL SIR JOHN HANBURY-WILLIAMS.

Colonel Sir John Hanbury-Williams, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., at present Earl Grey's Military Secretary, whose important appointment as Brigadier-General in charge of administration, Scottish Command, was announced some time ago has had a brilliant military career. He was born in 1859, his father being the late Ferdinand Hanbury-Williams, of Coldbrook Park, Monmouthshire, and he was educated at Wellington College. At the age of nineteen he obtained a commission in the 43rd Light Infantry. His advancement was rapid, and four years later he became A.D.C. to Lt.-Gen. Sir E. Hamley commanding the second division of the British forces in Egypt. On several occasions he distinguished himself by his valour, and was mentioned several times in despatches. For his bravery at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, in which action his horse was shot under him, he was awarded the medal with clasp, bronze star, fifth class, Medjidie. During the years 1884 and 1885 he was extra A.D.C. to Sir M. E. Grant, Governor of Madras, and in 1886 acted in the same capacity with Lt.-Gen. Sir H. Macpherson in Burma.

Two years later Sir John returned to England and married Miss Annie Emily Reiss, eldest daughter of Mr. Emil Reiss, of Manchester. In 1897 he was appointed military secretary to Lord Milner, and three years later he became secretary to the Secretary of State of War. After serving in this capacity for three years, two of which were spent in active service in the South African war, he went to Canada to take up his present position on Earl Grey's staff.

Prof. Jack Johnson will now retire to his corner, observes the Washington Times, while Explorer Matt Henson delivers his celebrated Chautauqua lecture, "Was I or Was I Not at the North Pole."

It is a comfort to think that a number of white men were present with Professor Burnham when he discovered Halley's comet. And not a single Eskimo.—Indianapolis Star.

The Washington Herald observes that when Commander Peary finished nailing the Stars and Strips to the pole he should have laid aside his hammer—for the time being at least.

ENGLISHMEN OF THE HOUR

Premier Asquith, one of the most capable statesmen of the generation. Mr. Asquith, in season and out, strenuously advocates the principles laid down in the Lloyd-George Budget. Between times he is occupied dodging militant suffragettes.

ENGLISHMEN OF THE HOUR

Lord Rosebery, the most ardent and prominent opponent of the Lloyd-George Budget. Lord Rosebery divorced himself from the Liberal Party in order that he might oppose the measure.

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How it Feels to Navigate the Air

NOW that aviation has become an avocation, we are wondering just what sensations are felt by the "man-bird." In an article in The World's Work (September), Mr. Thomas S. Baldwin, whose airship has been accepted by the United States Army, tells of his mental and physical experiences in this new realm of human activity. He says that the "feeling of triumph over the forces of the air," has an irresistible charm, and that it thrills one with a consciousness of more than human power. But "in the first stage of learning how to fly, one is impressed with a feeling of helplessness and a fear of danger." Both mind and body must become adjusted to the new conditions. This accomplished, the aeronaut experiences "a feeling of buoyancy like floating on the water." To quote further from Mr. Baldwin's article:

When this feeling in its full power had possession of me, I never had a serious accident. I recall that, making a short experimental flight with a dirigible about a year ago at Poughkeepsie, the propellers were caught in some rope as the ship rose. It at once shot up to a surprisingly high altitude and sailed off for about two miles to the south. All this time I had been working to get my motors to operating properly. Of a sudden the ship halted in the teeth of a contrary air current, and began to whirl like a gyroscope. I had been caught in an infant whirlwind, which seemed to be more violent overhead. I could throw off some ballast and go up with balloon power and escape, but I felt the sport of real flight in my blood, and I determined to disentangle my propellers, connect the machinery, and get out of this whirlwind by motor-power, if possible. Amid the indistinguishable mass of whirling ropes and spars and beams and the continuous roar of the wind on the gas bag as loud as the loudest thunder, I finally got the propellers free and the motors connected.

But no sooner did the blades begin to spin than the ship made a dive downward at an angle of almost sixty degrees and the prow was headed directly for the top of an oak-tree on the edge of the ground, about five hundred yards away. If my ship should be wrecked on that tree, it would not only be a serious financial loss, but a far more serious loss—the loss of all the self-confidence I had gained in long years of experience in the air, because I felt from the moment that the ship began to descend I held it firmly in my grip. It was moving at terrific speed. I pressed gently on the lever of the planes and the ship instantly obeyed. I have not words to describe my thrill of power and triumph when I felt and saw the ship in its headlong flight to apparent destruction yielding to my will. I held firmly in the hollow of my hand the power to overcome gravity, and for the first time I made several daring circles around a tree.

The influence of even sporadic flight on the physical body and the health is remarkable. In balloon voyages I have been in the air as long as four days at a time. Once I made a voyage almost an invalid from rheumatism. I could scarcely raise my arms on a level with my head. My blood was black. The doctor would not permit me to taste meat. Within a few hours every drop of blood in my body had become a bright red liquid, looking like flame, and I seemed unable to appease my appetite for strong animal food of which I had none too much aboard. From the tortures of rheumatism that voyage conveyed me to the tortures of hunger.

I went to see a friend who was very low with consumption. I told him to go with me on a voyage and he would come back a well man. He shook his head, but I was persistent. At last he went, and for the first two hours in the air I thought he would bleed to death with hemorrhages. I felt like a murderer. But soon he began to change. The voyage was from St. Louis to the Atlantic Coast. That was twenty years ago. He went back home and is still living, a a robust man. I had another friend who cured a very bad case of iron and copper dust in the lungs by a few balloon voyages.

There is no such thing as air-sickness. The air has a general motion like the water, and, like the water, its waves are disturbed and broken into billows. Its waves are twice as long as the water waves, but, because of its great elasticity, its disturbance and commotion do not cause sea-sickness. I have never navigated the air without being impressed with its great superiority as man's natural highway. It possesses a new freedom, a new poetry; but it also possesses a frightful fury before which the stoutest heart mush quail. I have never gone aboard of an airship on the calmest day without first searching the heavens in all directions and studying every breeze that touched my face, or the tree tops, or the clouds. And with every precaution, I have been often deceived, so often that I have sometimes believed that the air was capable of premeditated treachery. To me the air is far more mysterious than the earth or the sea.

In the air there is no solitude, no loneliness, even for the dullest imagination. The rapid succession of vast scenic illusions, both by day and by night, crowding upon a mind from which the gray veil of the earth has been rent or lifted, is enough to thrill a stoic. As one climbs into the heavens on a cloudless day, say to an altitude of three miles, he looks out upon an earth panorama of nearly three hundred miles in diameter. To the eye the earth has become a huge, concave hemisphere, meeting the heavens on a level with the eye. In the spring and summer this hemisphere is a deep dark green, streaked, dotted, and studded with myriad lights and shadows of cities, rivers, mountains, fields, and lakes. Every change in the position of the airship produces a thousand changes in the lights and shadows on this vast canvas, which in October is brown and in December is gray. It is a gigantic, whirling kaleidoscope.

First we shall fly a step in a crude machine—we have begun to do that; then in time we shall sail the air in great ships, and in some remote day man will pass through the air in his own body solely. No one who has keenly felt the joy and triumph of flight in his own person can fail to believe in this last prediction.

Society at the Capital

ONCE more a fashionable wedding was the chief social event of the week in the Capital, and on this occasion the bride was Miss Nora Lewis, eldest daughter of Mr. Travers Lewis, K.C., and Mrs. Lewis, and granddaughter of the late Archbishop Lewis; and the groom, Mr. Franklyn Thomas Ahearn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, of Buena Vista. As on so many similar occasions, the popular day of the week, Wednesday, was chosen for the ceremony, and Grace Church at two o'clock on that afternoon was thronged with interested spectators as well as a very large number of brilliantly attired guests all eager to witness the pretty ceremony. A number of the bride's girl friends had displayed their excellent taste in the floral decorations in the church, and white chrysanthemums on the altar, palms and ferns about the chancel, and a particularly effective screen formed of smilax studded with feathery 'mums placed in front of the altar steps, made most artistic surroundings for the bridal group, whose color scheme was carried out entirely in pale pink.

Mr. J. F. Gorman, the rector, officiated, and the service was fully choral. At the appointed hour the white-gowned choir preceded the bridal party up the aisle, followed by the ushers, who were Mr. Gordon Southam, of Hamilton; Mr. Harry Wright, Mr. Willis O'Connor, Mr. Dudley Oliver, of Montreal, and Mr. Allan Lewis, brother of the bride. Then came the lovely golden-haired bride with her father and attended by Miss Claire Oliver as maid of honor and five bridesmaids, Miss Norah Gwynne, of Toronto; Miss Lilias Ahearn, Miss Margaret McLea, of Montreal; Miss Katie Christie and Miss May Lewis, her younger sister—an exceedingly effective combination of very dark and very fair attendants—to each of whom the pale pink costumes were equally becoming. Mr. Bryce Fleck was the groom's best man. The bride, who comes of a family noted for its beautiful women as well as its handsome men, as all who remember His Grace the Archbishop can well understand, looked a perfect picture in her bridal robes of ivory Liberty satin simply fashioned in Princess style with richly embroidered side panels, outlined in crystal. The yoke was of tulle dotted with crystals and the sleeves of the same were short. A magnificent necklace of diamonds in platinum setting, one of several gifts presented by the bridegroom, was the only ornament worn by the fair bride and she also wore the conventional and to her particularly becoming tulle veil and chaplet of orange-blossoms and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaids' gowns of palest shell pink marquisette over satin were most modishly fashioned, the short waists having yokes and sleeves of tulle over gold tissue. Their large hats of pink panne velvet were faced with black and had Tam O'Shanter crowns with clusters of ostrich plumes at the left side. They each carried a well-filled basket of pink roses and wore the groom's gift, a fine gold necklet with pendant composed of the letters N and F in pearls. The best man and ushers received pretty engraved cigarette cases as keepsakes from the bride.

Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, the bride's grandfather, lent his handsome residence, "Elmsleigh," in Argyle Avenue, for the reception following the ceremony, and here from every nook and corner nodded the most exquisite large 'mums, the halls being done in pink, the dining-room and library in yellow and the drawing-room in bridal white. The bow-window, where the newly wed pair stood to receive congratulations, was banked with luxuriant palms interspersed with snowy 'mums and the mantels were completely smothered in daisies, 'mums and green foliage. The presents were displayed in a large room set apart for the purpose, and produced many an exclamation of admiration. Among them were particularly admired a magnificent mahogany case of costly table silver from the groom's parents, who also presented the bride with a handsome seal coat; a Steinway piano from the groom's sister; a pearl and diamond ring from the bride's parents; a beautiful tray of antique silver from Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber; and a specially handsome set of silver ramekin dishes and spoons from Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. Sir Wilfrid in one of his exceedingly happy little speeches proposed the bride's health, and after a few more toasts were drunk, the bride disappeared to don her travelling gown and re-appeared looking even more lovely than ever in a most becoming tailored suit of Royal blue broadcloth with beaver hat to match, trimmed with graceful ostrich plumes, and a handsome set of black lynx furs. A fine motor-car (another wedding gift from the groom) awaited the happy young couple at the door, and amid showers of confetti and a chorus of good wishes they were whisked off to catch the four o'clock train for New York, from where they sail on the 19th for France and will travel on the continent for the next three months, returning to Ottawa to reside. Much merriment was created when on the bride tossing her bouquet, according to custom, among the guests on leaving, it was caught by one of our most fascinating young matrons, Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Oct. 18, 1909.

IMPROVED PARLOR AND DINING CAR SERVICE ON GRAND TRUNK 6.10 P.M. TRAIN. TORONTO TO NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO AND NEW YORK.

In consequence of increased travel via the only double-tracked line, the Grand Trunk have found it necessary to add to the parlor-car service, commencing Sunday, Oct. 24, by the addition of a modern library-parlor-buffet car (in place of cafe car) for Buffalo. Full dining-car will also be attached and run to Niagara Falls. Pullman sleeper through to New York also on this train via Lehigh Valley, and dining-car is attached for breakfast. With the new terminal facilities via Subway tunnels, this route should receive increased patronage.

Secure tickets and make reservations at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

The Ontario Horticultural Exhibition to be held in Toronto this autumn promises to be extraordinarily interesting and successful. There will be fine displays of fruits, vegetables, and flowers, and an idea of the prizes given may be had from the fact that $10 is being offered for the best single specimen apple of the Baldwin, Greening, Spy, King or McIntosh varieties, and $5 for the second best specimen of each of these varieties. The railway companies are as usual offering special rates. Detailed information as to the rules of the various competitions may be obtained from the secretary, P. W. Hodgetts, Toronto.

One of the most important art sales of the year will be held at 2.30 p.m. on Thursday, 28th October, by Messrs. C. M. Henderson & Co's Art Gallery, Nos. 87 and 89 King Street East. This sale comprises ninety valuable watercolors by Marmaduke Matthews, R.C.A. On view Tuesday and Wednesday, 26th and 27th, previous to sale. Art lovers should avail themselves of this unusual opportunity to add to their collection.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. R. D. Wilkie and Mr. William Ramsay.

"May I ask you a question?" "Sure, stranger." "Why is everybody in this section mixed up in a feud?" "Well, nobuddy keers to take chances on being an innocent bystander."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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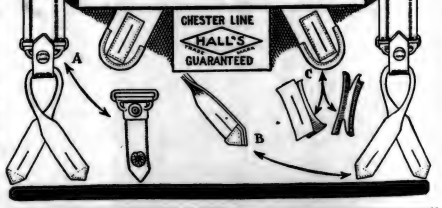

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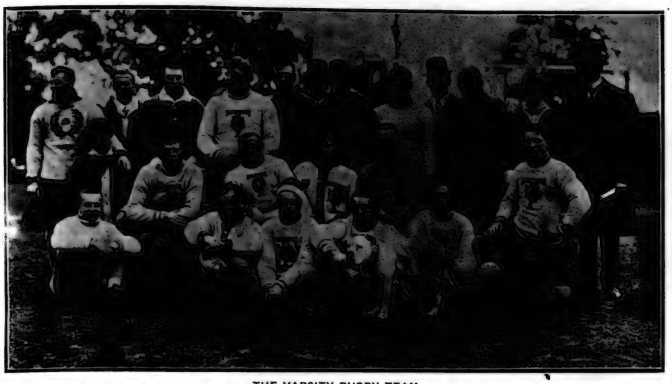

THE VARSITY RUGBY TEAM,

Which defeated McGill last Saturday afternoon on the Varsity Field by a score of 18 to 1. The Toronto students completely outclassed the Montrealers. The only point won by the visitors was scored in the third quarter. The fourth quarter was played in a heavy shower of rain.

THE Rugby season is in full swing, and any Saturday now Torontonians can go out and see exponents of "the greatest game on top of dirt," well hardened and ferocious, battle for supremacy on the white-lined field. Last Saturday afternoon the University of Toronto huskies won a decisive victory over McGill at the 'Varsity oval, the score being 18 to 1. The wearers of the blue and white were not only too heavy but much too fast and skillful for the Montreal students. Their superiority in punting was very noticeable, and they were much steadier and cleaner in their play than their opponents. The work of the 'Varsity back-field was particularly strong and telling. There were no accidents—which so often mar Rugby games—except a rather severe jolt received by Captain Gilmour of the McGill team, which knocked him senseless for a minute. It looked as if he would have to retire from the game, but he got up, shook himself out, and pluckily went on. Dr. Hendry, as referee, and Mr. George Ballard, as umpire, officiated satisfactorily. The teams lined up this way:

'Varsity—Full, Dixon; halves, Lawson, Newton, Gall; quarter, Foulds; scrimmage, Jones, Bell, Ritchie; inside wings, Muir and Kingston; middle wings, Hume and Lajoie; outside wings, Park and Thompson.

McGill—Full, Hastings, halves, Lea, McEvenue, Brydone; quarter, Forbes; scrimmage, Timmons, Ayer, Turnbull; inside wings, Matthewson, Bignall; middle wings, Gilmore, Dowling; outside wings, Black, Goodeve.

On the same day Ottawa College defeated Queen's by a score of 11 to 6 at Ottawa in a game which was rather a poor exhibition of Rugby. One remarkable feature of the struggle was the feat of Pete Conway, the Ottawa full back, who in making a wild attempt to tackle Leckie on the Queen's line missed his man and tackled a goal post instead. He was taken away in an ambulance. Last week Conway was rather badly hurt while playing with his team against McGill at Montreal.

In the Senior Interprovincial Union two games were played on Saturday. The good old Hamilton Tigers on their own field polished off the Argonauts by a score of 26 points to 4, and didn't extend themselves at that. The Argo wings made a good showing, however. Ottawa won from Montreal on the grounds of the latter by 5 to 3, after a hard-fought but non-spectacular game.

In the Senior O. R. F. U. the Parkdale Canoe Club team defeated Peterborough by 31 to 1.

As the season advances the interest in the outcome in the various leagues grows apace, and Rugby enthusiasts are beginning to enjoy in anticipation the titanic struggles of the season's close, when it is hoped there will be at least one such battle royal as that at Rosedale last year when the 'Varsity team, champions of the Intercollegiate Union, made such a magnificent if losing fight against the champion Interprovincials, the veteran Tigers, for supreme honors.

* * *

AS was expected, Mr. Johnson toyed with Mr. Ketchell for twelve rounds at Colma, California, last Saturday and then knocked him out. As one of the correspondents has remarked, the closing episode of the fight could not have been more exactly dramatic from the moving-picture man's standpoint if the fighters had rehearsed it with care during the whole period of their training. At the beginning of the twelfth round there was a clinch and in the breakaway Ketchell managed to give the black man a wallop behind the ear that stretched him out, dazed and still. If the champion had been a white man he would probably have been counted out, but his head was too hard for that. He jumped up, his vanity more hurt probably than his cranium, rushed at Ketchell and showered blows on him until he fell, unable to rise. Ketchell was game, but too light and not long enough in reach. Ten thousand people saw the fight, and the receipts approximated $40,000. Sam Langford now says he wants a try at Johnson, but the latter announces that he will not fight again until he faces Jeffries.

* * *

BASEBALL excitements will sell no more newspaper extras this season. The last game has been played. The Pittsburg team, National League champions, are world's champions, having defeated Detroit, the premier American League team, in the deciding battle at Detroit last Saturday by 8 runs to 0. Either by chance or design each team won three games in the series, and so the excitement and the gate receipts were not given a chance to fall off. But in the deciding game Pittsburg won easily enough. "Wild Bill" Donovan, the great Detroit pitcher, was literally wild, passing six batters and hitting another in the first two innings. He was replaced by Mullen, but the latter was also hit very hard. The feature of the game was the surprisingly fine pitching of Adams for Pittsburg, on whom the Detroits only got six hits.

The total attendance for the seven games was 145,000, and the receipts $188,302.

* * *

EVENTS of the last few weeks on the trotting turf indicate that the campaign now drawing to a close will longer remain memorable for the wonderful performances of its colts than for those of its aged horses, sensational as some of the latter have been. The oldest followers of harness racing can scarcely recall another year in which so many great youngsters were in sight and so many important records were so materially lowered. Incomparably the best yearling, probably the best two-year-old, several of the best three-year-olds and one of the best four-year-olds ever seen have come to the front in the campaign for 1909.

The world's record for yearlings, which had stood at 2.23 ever since 1894, has been lowered almost four seconds and 2.20 beaten for the first time, by Miss Stokes, 2.19¼. For the first time also 2.10 has been beaten by a two-year-old, and Arion's 2.10¾—the one important record which survived the advent of the pneumatic sulky—made in 1891, has at last been surpassed, not by a fraction of a second in an exhibition against time, but by three full seconds and in the second heat of a race won by the new record holder, Native Belle, 2.07¾. While the record for the three-year-olds has not yet been lowered, Czarevna missed the mark by only half a second when she trotted in 2.07¼ in the second heat of the Kentucky Futurity at Lexington last week, and three three-year-olds have beaten 2.09 in races. Directum's four-year-old record of 2.05¼, made in 1893, still stands as high water mark, but the unbeaten colt The Harvester, 2.06¼, is likely to eclipse the performance at any time, according to the opinion of many horsemen.

To horsemen whose interest in harness racing extends to the evolution and development of the breed of trotters there is a far greater fascination in the records and the contests of the colts than in the performances of the older horses. The youngsters in a race almost invariably represent the systematic and successful efforts of intelligent breeders to propagate speed; what they have is more purely natural than that of the older horses, many of which are off bred, machine made trotters whose racing capacity is more the result of long and patient training than of inherited speed and stamina. Then, too, there is an element of freshness and future promise of improvement about colt trotters that makes their races doubly interesting as compared with class races in which the competitors are very often well worn campaigners that have reached or passed the zenith of their powers.

The early maturity of the modern trotter, as evidenced by the performances of the youngsters this year, suggests the question as to whether colt races will not become much more numerous in the future than they have been in the past. When a well bred two-year-old or three-year-old like Native Bell or The Harvester can be broken to harness and taught to trot in 2.10 or better the same season, owners and trainers are apt to ask themselves whether they can afford to carry such racing machines along until they are of full age before starting them in public. The question has been answered unanimously in the negative on the running turf, and the considerations which induce the almost universal practice of racing two-year-old thoroughbreds are rapidly coming to apply with much the same force to three-year-old trotters. Horsemen may deplore the practice as being detrimental to the future of the breed, but if it will pay it will come. The hoppled pacer has proved that.

* * *

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most dangerous events on the indoor championship programme is the pole vault for distance and it is a wonder that there has not been some fatal accidents due to it long before now. Almost every time it has been contested for the past eighteen years or so some one strained his back, legs or arms and it was chiefly owing to the agility of the vaulters that worse mishaps were not forthcoming. No more gruesome spectacle appears at indoor athletics than to see the men tear down the floor, jam the pole in a hole and take a wriggling plunge in the air and land either head, legs or back first on the ground.

A few nights ago when the championship was decided in Madison Square Garden the more timorous of the spectators shuddered every time a man took a trial, for the uncertainty of the effort was as liable to land him out on the hard floor as on the soft earth prepared for his landing. Had the jumper the ill luck at any time to go the least bit wrong he would come down on the boards and he was then surely a case for the ambulance. Another point against the exercise is that it is no real vaulting test and very rarely have the good vaulters for height excelled at it; so as it illustrates nothing, and is more harmful than good as an exercise it should have no place on the championship list.

PLAYFAIR.

A REST CURE.

In giving due credit to the wonderful remedial Springs of Europe we are apt to lose sight of the value of the ones nearer home. About one thousand springs of various medicinal virtues exist in America. Of one of them Hare's System of Therapeutics (1891), page 523, thus speaks: "A number of Saline Springs exist in America and Europe, very strong water of this kind being the St. Catharines Well in Canada, which contains about 275 grains sodium chloride to the pint, as well as 135 grains calcium chloride. Its prototype in Europe is the celebrated Kreutznach Springs in Prussia, which contains about 110 grains sodium chloride (Kurbrunnen)." Other references are Encyclopædia Britannica, Appleton's American Encyclopædia, The Albutts System of Medicine, etc. The Grand Trunk Railway System's trains run direct to St. Catharines, and further information can be obtained from their representatives.

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FRED IRWIN'S GIBSON GIRLS

THE DRAMA

AFTER an hour spent looking at "The Merry Widow and the Devil" at the Princess this week, one can understand why Joe Weber, the one-time star of the piece, disappeared from the company into the unknown (he has presumably gone to New York). The cast is large, well dressed, and the three acts well staged, but this is as far as one may venture into the realm of praise and still hold to some reputation for truthfulness. The piece is a burlesque, a travesty on "The Merry Widow," and "The Devil," two stage performances which in the original had much vogue and some reputation. The present piece bears every imprint of having been built for the "ten, twenty, thirties," and has by some mischance been shoved into the wrong circuit. Joe Weber's part is in the hands of James Collins, who appears to make as much of it as the lines permit. The chief comedy element is produced by having the comedians in assorted sizes, a large round Dutchman, a pigmy, a seven foot man who is very thin, and so on. An almost endless variety, but unfortunately all of them lack the one essential, being able to do a "stunt" in a funny way.

* * *

"THE BRIDGE," which is the attraction at the Royal Alexandra this week, is a four-act play happily conceived but rather clumsily evolved by Rupert Hughes, magnificently staged by Harrison Grey Fiske, and finely acted by Guy Bates Post and an efficient supporting company. Mr. Hughes had a good idea in his head when he began to write his play—which was to picture the necessity of a bridge connecting the various strata of society in America and the difficulties of building such a bridge. But the playwright was not skilful enough to handle his theme as it might have been handled. At the beginning we have a glimpse of the rich stratum—a party of young people taking afternoon tea at the New York home of Nathaniel Van Nest, a railroad magnate. The tea is being taken in Van Nest's own room, instead of in a parlor, and Van Nest's beautiful daughter Janet has to rise occasionally to answer the telephone. This is unusual, of course, but it is the easiest way of introducing John Stoddard, civil engineer, and of contrasting him with the other types. Stoddard is not a Richard Harding Davis sort of engineer, but a rough diamond, the son of a locomotive engineer. He is building a bridge on a road controlled by Van Nest and he comes to consult the latter about a threatened strike of his workmen. He sits ill at ease in a corner, and is helpless when he is handed a tea-cup by the butler. But when alone with the magnate he pleads the men's cause forcibly enough, but unsuccessfully. Then Janet, who is bored by her empty life, is sent for a change to an inn near the big bridge, and in the second act we see the bridge itself; we also see Stoddard in love with Janet, and Janet very close to being in love with the bridge-builder. Then comes the strike and the revelation to Van Nest that his daughter is attached to Stoddard. Troops arrive and when bloodshed appears certain the engineer accepts the capitalist's offer to call off the soldiers and arbitrate if he will

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

GEORGE ARLISS,
Who appears next week in "Septimus" at the Royal Alexandra.

GRACE GEORGE
In her new play, "A Woman's Way," at the Princess next week.

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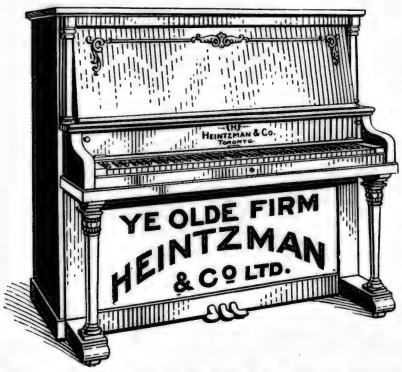

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MUSIC

FRANK S. WELSMAN,
Conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

OUR Toronto Symphony Orchestra will make its initial bow for the season on Monday evening next in Massey Hall. The programme is one of considerable potential interest, and should draw a large audience, without doubt.

The "Scotch Symphony" of Mendelssohn is his masterpiece in this form of composition, and it will form the principal orchestral number for the evening.

This Symphony derived its title chiefly from the fact that its principal themes have their origin in the folk-songs of Scotland, but there are other and closer connections between the work and its title. Mendelssohn stated that the first theme came to him from the contemplation of scenes made familiar by the history of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and throughout the work there are evidences of the impression made upon the great composer by his sojourn in Scotland. The wondrous beauty of Fingal's Cave, which so held his imagination on his visit to that spot, and which gave him the theme of the "Hebrides" Overture, seems to pervade the Scotch Symphony, and the rolling surges of the Atlantic appear to be not far from his thoughts in some of its beautiful passages.

The Beethoven Overture "Egmont," and "Four Waltzes," by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, will comprise the remainder of the orchestral programme.

The distinguished assistance of Madame Gadski on Monday evening will assure a brilliant opening for the series of concerts announced by Mr. Welsman and his players. The artists engaged for the following months are of equal eminence with Madame Gadski, although some of them may not be so well known to the general public. Sergei Rachmaninoff, the great Russian composer-pianist, will be the next assisting artist, and will be followed at other concerts by David Bispham, Fritz Kriesler, and Mischa Elman, in the order named.

Of Madame Gadski, it is impossible to say too much of a complimentary nature. Possessed of a charming personality, she never fails to win the approval of her audience on her first appearance, and when she has had an opportunity of showing her art in all its wonderful purity and strength, there is nothing left but profound admiration and wonder at the marvelous revelation of her voice and dramatic power.

As a maker of program Mme. Gadski is said to be quite as prolific as an interpreter of the same. She takes special pride in the arrangement of her numbers, and lavishes great care on their selection. Nor does she believe in confining her programs to the heavy and classical. She always has on her programme a few dainty songs, and it is doubtful if she is more thoroughly satisfying in a Wagner aria than in some of these lighter numbers. Her selections for Thanksgiving night in Toronto will be Carl Von Weber, Aria, "Freischutz," "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," with orchestral accompaniment; Franz Schubert, "Ungeduld"; Johannes Brahms, "The Message"; Edvard Hagerup Grieg, "With a Water Lily"; Edward Alexander Macdowell, "The Swan Bent Low"; Edwin Schneider, "Bird Raptures"; Richard Strauss, "Zueignung"; with piano accompaniment.

* * *

I have received from Dr. Albert Ham his lullaby, set for low voice, entitled "Darling of Mine." It will be remembered that this number was sung by Miss Margaret Keyes at the concert of the National Chorus last season. The song is dedicated to Miss Keyes, and its sweet and quiet little melody should recommend it to any one looking for the *berceuse* style of vocal solo. "Six Pastoral Songs," in two and three parts, by Dr. Ham are also just to hand, and these prove to be among the best things I have seen from Dr. Ham's pen. They are removed from the academic style, and are bright, flowing, and melodious in character. They are inscribed to Mrs. Edward Fisher.

* * *

Madame Marchesi's interesting programme comes too late in the week for report in this issue, but at time of writing it is being looked forward to with eagerness. Also, Miss Eva Mylott, the Australian contralto is attracting attention with her forthcoming concert in Massey Hall on Wednesday of next week.

* * *

The Toronto Oratorio Society, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, conductor, has secured Broadway Hall, 450 Spadina avenue, for the chorus practices which in future will be held there each Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The Society will give two concerts this season, the first one being a popular reproduction of Haydn's "Creation" at popular prices in Massey Hall. The second concert will be devoted to a performance of Mendelssohn's great Oratorio "Elijah." At each concert the large chorus will have full orchestral support including the Hall Organ, and will be assisted by capable artists as principals. Singers wishing to join are invited to come to the practice on Tuesday next or may phone the Conductor, Main 6107.

* * *

Mr. Richard Tattersall continues to attract attention by his series of organ recitals in the Conservatory Music Hall. His second programme was rendered on Saturday afternoon last, and proved to be one of solid merit. The transcription of Tschaikowski's "Coronation March" was the *piece de resistance* of the occasion. The remainder of the programme, consisting of numbers by Mozart, Merkel, Guilmant, Cowen, and Bach, gave much pleasure to the assembled music lovers.

* * *

Mr. George Dixon—here's to him!—is one of our popular Toronto boys who has made a legion of friends for himself by his fine voice and pleasant personality. It will be learnt with regret that we are going to lose him and his melodious tenor. Mr. Dixon purposes going down to New York to seek larger opportunities in vocal lines. It is even whispered that he has operatic aspirations, but of that I cannot speak with authority.

But this is just by the way of announcing that this Saturday evening Mr. Dixon will be heard in his fourth—and, presumably, farewell—recital.

* * *

The programme to be rendered in the Conservatory Music Hall will contain several novelties, and also compositions by Mendelssohn, Verdi, Nevin, and others. Miss Ada Twohy, pianist, and Miss Caro Dell Peel, accompanist, will assist.

* * *

Madame Samaroff, who was heard in piano recital in Toronto last season, has recently been celebrated in verse by the great English poet, William Watson. Mr. Watson's muse expresses itself in sonnet form in the October number of The Century Magazine, as follows:

ON HEARING MADAME OLGA SAMAROFF PLAY.

What hopes and fears, what tragical delight,
What lonely rapture, what immortal pain,
Through those two hands have flowed, nor thrilled in vain
The listening spirit and all its depth and height!
Lovelier and sweeter from those hands of might
The great, strange soul of Schumann breathes again;
Through those two hands the overpeopled brain
Of Chopin floods with dreams the imagined night
Yea, and he, too, Beethoven the divine,
Still shakes men's bosoms with his heaven's throes,
O, fair Enchantress, through those hands of thine;
And yet perchance forgets at last his woes,
Happy at last, to think that hands like these
Have poured out to the world his heart's red wine.

* * *

At the afternoon Recital in the Hall of the Toronto College of Music, piano pupils of Dr. Torrington presented the following programme: Beethoven, Sonata Pathetique, Bessie Maile; Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto," Maud Dowsley; (a) Moszkowski, En Automne, (b) Beethoven, "Scherzo-Sonata," Op. 14, Helena Dalton; (a) Reinhold, Impromptu, (b) Sinding, Fruhlingsrauschen, Elizabeth Skinner; Chopin, Nocturne, Alda Sproule; Chopin, Etudes Op. 10, No. 5 and No. 12, Hazel Hicks; Verdi, "Tacea la notte placida" (Vocal), Clara Jeffrey; Chopin, Concerto Op. II, Marion Porter; Moszkowski, Concerto, Op. 59, Olive Blain.

* * *

The Annual Thanksgiving Concert will be given by the Choir of Central Methodist Chuch on Thursday evening, Nov. 4th. The programme will include an organ solo, a cantata for solo voices and chorus by Dr. J. Humfrey Anger, and miscellaneous selections, including "Captive Memories" by Ethelbert Nevin, a vocal work for solo voices and quartette, and a reader.

* * *

The Sherlock Male Quartette will furnish the concert programme at the "At-Home" of the Zion Literary Society in St. George's Hall on the 10th of November, and on the 17th will provide the programme at the Anniversary Concert of the Methodist Church, Thornbury.

* * *

Mr. James Y. S. Ross has been appointed organist and choir-master of College Street Presbyterian Church. Mr. Ross, who is vacating a similar position at Dovercourt Road Baptist Church, was formerly deputy organist for Dr. J. Humfrey Anger.

ARPEGGIO.

Miss Eva Mylott, the Australian Contralto, has won a series of triumphs since her Canadian tour began. It is given to few artists to captivate every audience upon a first appearance, but her voice and method, added to a charming personality, have won recognition. The Quebec Chronical describes her as "undoubtedly one of the greatest lyric artists on the stage to-day." Miss Mylott appears in Massey Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 27th.

Miss Eva Mylott, the great Australian, who sings in the Massey Hall on October 27th, has won instant recognition on this, her first Canadian tour. The Quebec Chronicle, Oct. 7, says of her: "One of the greatest artists of the present day. It was a veritable triumph for Miss Mylott. Possessed of a voice, rich in tone, glorious in volume, artistic in interpretation, wonderful in diction, remarkable in control, and faultless in method her superb voice won the hearts of all. An artist of consummate attainment." From The Ottawa Free Press: "Her hearers were captivated, her voice is a deep mellow contralto, her diction perfect." The Citizen: "The audience who enjoyed hearing her wonderful contralto voice, will long remember her and the enchantment of that voice." The Journal: "Miss Mylott presents a rare blending of power, volume and sweetness. It seemed hardly possible that those deep chest tones could melt so quickly and easily into notes of wonderful, almost bird-like delicacy."

"I may have remained a trifle late, but her remarks were too pointed." "What did she say, Ferdy?" "Told me their lease was about to expire."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Young Doctor—Just think; six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my dear boy. You spend too much time at the club.—Life.

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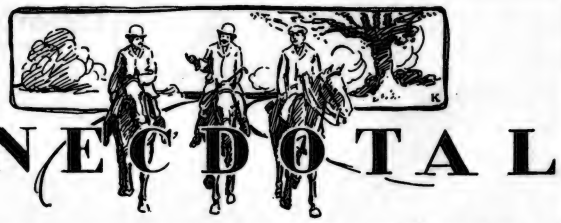

ANECDOTAL

MARK TWAIN was censuring the extravagance of Americans.

"Just consider," he said, "these new traveling bathtubs. I understand they're getting as common as electric elevators. A reporter was telling me about them. He called on a cotton broker one Sunday morning. The man received him in his dressing-room, and after their business talk was over the wonders of the house were taken up. The broker boasted about his Raphaels and hardwood floors, his light plant and French furniture, his gold-plated plumbing and Gobelins, but he boasted above all about his traveling bathtub.

"'It's onyx,' he said, 'a lovely golden shade. It runs by electricity, on tiny pneumatic tires, smooth and silent. Whenever I don't feel disposed to leave this room it comes in here to me filled, just as I like it, with genuine Atlantic Ocean, brought up from Coney Island and warmed to 80 degrees. It comes in any time I push the button.'

"'Push it now,' said the reporter, curiously.

"The button was pushed, the doors slid majestically open, and the great onyx bath glided in stately silence into the room. But in it sat the millionaire's astonished little girl."

DISCOUNTING THE VERDICT.

Clarence: "Oh, Mama, I've found a little playmate. Please come down and see if he'll do!"

Mickey: "Say, youse! D'ye know de reason I come here? It's because I got de smallpox an' de manager won't leave me play on de team!"—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

AN amusing story has been told concerning Mr. Phillips' classic drama, "Ulysses." When it was being played in America, two young girls were sitting together in the stalls at a matinee performance, and before the curtain rose the following conversation was heard:

"Say, Maude, I know this play is going to be funny."

"What makes you think so?" asked Maude.

"Why, anybody could tell that from the name!" was the reply.

* * *

SOME years ago, when Speaker Cannon was a plain member of the United States Congress, he took one of his constituents to dine with him at rather a good hotel in Washington. It was in the fall and Mr. Cannon ate very heartily of that American edible, Indian corn; in fact, almost his entire dinner consisted of corn. The Westerner looked at him and said:

"Say, Mr. Cannon, what does it cost you to board here?"

"About five dollars a day," said Mr. Cannon.

"I'll be durned," drawled his constituent, "ef I don't think it would be cheaper fer you to board at a livery stable!"

* * *

A LITTLE girl and her mother were walking down the street when they came to a place where straw had been spread over the pavement to deaden the noise, because of the illness of a woman living in that square.

"Oh, look, mamma," cried the little girl, "What's all that hay doing out in the street?"

"That's because Mrs. E—— has a tiny baby, which God has just sent her," said her mother, gently.

After a moment's pause, the little girl said slowly:

"Gwacious, she must have been packed well!"

* * *

DURING the Spanish war there was a regiment recruited from Conshohocken, Cinnaminson, Wawa, and Manunka Chunk, and the ladies of those Pennsylvania towns got together after the regiment's departure and made a lot of pyjamas for the soldiers. Pyjamas were a new thing in those days—smart, exclusive, and so forth; the ordinary man wore a night shirt.

Well, these pyjamas, in a half-dozen big packing cases, went duly Cubaward, but no word of their arrival ever came back. The ladies waited about a month. Then they wired to the colonel, a genial, wholesouled Conshohockener:

"Anxious to know if you got the pyjamas last month."

The colonel had never heard of pyjamas. He wired back:

"Story is a lie, out of whole cloth, probably fabricated by enemies to ruin me politically. Admit am not total abstainer, but never had pyjamas last month or any other time."

* * *

ARCHDEACON HARRIS, Honorary Chaplain to the King and late Chaplain of the Fleet and Inspector of Naval Schools, can tell a good story—what sailor cannot?—and one of his most amusing memories is of the old-time captain who, having to take Divine Service in the absence of the chaplain, gave out his text: "Cleanliness is next to godliness," immediately adding "Bo'sun's mate: pipe hands to clean guns."

Then there is the story of the religious malingerer who sought to escape church on the plea that he wished to worship alone.

"Very well," said the captain of the ship, "let the sailmaker make him a little tent in which he can sit and say his prayers by himself."

Two Sundays in the tent under charge of a caustic sentry were enough for the shirker, who had a sudden conversion and joined his comrades at Service.

* * *

THERE is an amusing story being told in London club circles of an adventure Mr. Winston Churchill had a few days ago with the driver of a four-wheeler. Mr. Churchill, so the story goes, found himself somewhere on the outskirts of North London, with about ten minutes in which to reach the House of Commons to keep an important engagement. Hailing the only vehicle in sight—an antiquated four-wheeler, he told the jehu to drive with all possible speed to Westminster. The man, totally ignorant of the identity of his fare, only crept comfortably along.

Exasperated—for it was already late—Mr. Churchill put his head out of the window and shouted:

"Look here, we are not going to a funeral."

The cabby solemnly took his pipe out of his mouth and frowned:

"No," he said, "and we ain't goin' to no bloomin' fire, neither."

* * *

AN Irishman who may as well be called Pat, once got a job moving some kegs of powder, and, to the alarm of the foreman, was discovered smoking at his work.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the foreman. "Do you know what happened when a man smoked at this job some years ago? There was an explosion, which blew up a dozen men."

"That couldn't happen here," returned Pat, calmly.

"Why not?"

"'Cos there's only me and you!" was the reply.

* * *

IN ante-bellum days Col. Moore of Kentucky owned a large number of negroes. He was a kind master and never punished his negroes with the whip. One day one of the field hands named "Jupe" was guilty of some negligence and was sent to the woods at once to cut down and split up a black-gum tree, practically an impossible task. Jupe cut down the tree and labored hard to split the tough wood, but in vain.

In the meantime a thunder-storm came up and Jupe sought refuge under a brush heap. Directly the lightning struck a large poplar near by, splitting it into kindling wood. After the storm had passed, Jupe crawled out from his place of security and after taking a careful look at the remains of the poplar tree, which were scattered all over the woods, said:

"Mr. Lightnin', I wish you had just tried yo' han' on dis black gum. Any blame fool can split a poplar!"

THOSE WHO ASK SHAN'T HAVE.

Jeannette (lunching out): "Oh, what a silly girl I am—I fort I had anuvver plum!"—Punch.

* * *

W. S. GILBERT was lunching once at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company."

"I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."

* * *

THE manager of a London music-hall was testing the abilities of a few candidates for stage honours one day last week, and this is how he let down one of the would-be funny men.

"Your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theatre," said he.

"But I don't use profanity," was the reply.

"No," said the manager, "but the audience would."

* * *

IN her sensational book of memoirs recently published, the Countess of Cardigan tells at least some stories which may be reproduced. Here is one of the best of these:

Lord de Ros was a notorious gambler of Lady Cardigan's day. When he died the following epitaph was suggested for his tomb:

Here lies Lord de Ros
Waiting for the Last Trump

Another good story concerns the present Duke of Westminster, whose enormous wealth does not diminish the closeness of his scrutiny of every unprotected sixpence.

Looking at a pair of trousers belonging to his valet, the Duke said:

"Those are very good trousers. Did I give them to you?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, here's a shilling for you. I'll have them back again."

* * *

THE young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a London restaurant, and, like some other young men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "I want you to bring me a grilled crocodile."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it with butter."

"Yessir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the young man, "aren't you going to bring it?"

"Yessir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is, sir, that we get pay in advance for crocodiles, sir. Crocodiles with butter, sir, are fifteen hundred pounds and twopence. If you take it without butter, sir, it is only fifteen hundred pounds, sir."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.

* * *

SOME neighbors were having a little gossip about a widow living on their street, and the following colloquy ensued:

"That widow is a good manager, isn't she?"

"Manager? I should say so. She got that house of hers practically fixed up like new for nothing."

"How did she manage it?"

"She was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then she broke it off and married the plumber."

* * *

GEORGE VINCENT of Chautauqua fame has this explanation of the delay in passing the U.S. tariff bill.

"Congress," he said, "was trying to make up its mind whether to do its duty by the country or to do the country by its duty."

"All is fair in love and war."
Many a man has lost his heart over a cup of

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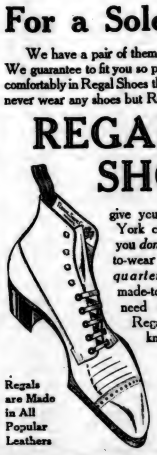

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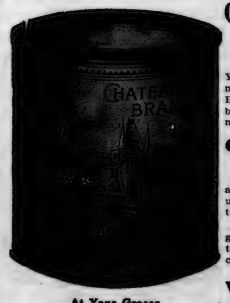

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Regardless of what soap you may now be using please try one cake of *Infants' Delight.* You no doubt think your present soap is good, but when you once have tried this new kind—when you have seen it lather into a rich, creamy foam—seen how it wears as thin as a wafer and leaves the skin soft and pink like an infant's—then you will never be content with ordinary soaps that cost as much but lack the real goodness of

Infants' Delight Soap

This soap is unlike the ordinary kind. We bring cocoanut oil thousands of miles from the Orient. We go to the gardens of France for pure olive oil. And we pay the highest prices to be sure we get the best.

Then the soap goes through our own special milling process, after which it flutters like snow into enormous bins. Crushed under a weight of thirty tons and passed through heavy granite rollers, it comes out in miles of silky ribbons—then it is pressed into cakes.

So you see we put our best into this soap—we give you honest values at every point. We sell thousands of gross every year and the demand grows every day. So we can give you the best in quality because our big sales allow us to buy in immense quantities and get the best of materials at ordinary prices.

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Column

THE stepping of Captain Bernier into the ring where the rival liscoverers of the North Pole have been sparring, lecturing, submitting proofs of veracity, and promising the public satisfaction, has lent the touch of humor needed in this peculiar affair. Bernier has always been more or less guyed by his own people, but it would not surprise me a bit if Canada and Newfoundland yet made the most credible and satisfactory dash for that slippery pole, to which all poles previously greased are as a joke and an absurdity. I have an abiding faith in Newfoundland sea-going men. I know their mothers!

It is a fact that some men and women are naturally untruthful, but not because they are any worse sinners than their fellows. The thoughtful student of human nature knows that there are minds so keenly imaginative that it is practically impossible for them to work within the narrow confines of fact. Such a mind sees possibilities and accepts them as framework for statements which they should only ornament like flags and banners or colored bunting. These lies are harmless generally, unless in the matter of personal gossip, when they are apt to be deadly. There are untruthful persons who are born with the elusive mind; they seem to lie instinctively, preferring any sort of evasive and misleading answer, even when, to the ordinary observer, the naked truth would be the easiest and best thing. This trickiness is very often applauded in young folks, as smartness in dodging the restrictions and penalties which hedge school and college life. It lays a rotten foundation upon which to waste time and otherwise good material in character-building. "What is the first thing you teach your children?" I asked of the finest man I know. He did not hesitate a second. "To hate and fear a lie like the devil!" he cried. That this isn't the first thing in our schools nowadays, if ever it was, has been often impressed upon me, when the frank confidence of boys and girls has been given regarding sundry happenings in their student lives. Some of these young folks were the possessors of one or other of the minds I've mentioned, the imaginative or the elusive. They are generally the most attractive boys and girls, bright, clever, sociable and full of charm. It would not make them any less charming if they could learn thoroughly that a lie is never the right thing, the thing at all, except to be hated and feared and avoided like the very devil.

You who have read Hitchin's "Garden of Allah," and felt the heartache of its ending, might take an antidote with the late lamented Marion Crawford's "The White Sister." After all, one is glad of a happy ending to a story—a story being a thing to which there is an ending. It's not like life, of which one can never say it has a good or a bad ending, if one believes the Creed one repeats on Sundays. Eternity having no end.

To the tourist who enquires for something new to do in great old London, I might humbly suggest trying a sensation upon which I stumbled once in the metropolis. It was on a bright warm midsummer day while I was awaiting the return to his den of a certain steamship agent, for whom I had a rod in pickle, that I remarked a very tiny cart drawn by a Lilliputian donkey and containing a very wizened, very grubby, and very cross-looking old "vegetable man," threading a devious and leisurely way, through the medley of traffic, busses, hansoms, taxis and carriages that career about the entrance to Trafalgar Square. The idea came to me that it would be well to have the experience of dodging annihilation in the company of the aged vegetable peddler, and as to think is close on the heels of to do, when the "think" is novel and seductive. I forthwith careered after the moke, the cart and the saturnine charioteer, and having succeeded in cornering him in a quiet nook, and convincing him that five shillings was backing me, he consented to pass that way, at the same hour next day, and take up a passenger for an hour. Behold me, at the appointed rendezvous, my native loveliness disguised under an ancient seagoing waterproof cloak and much-worn motor veil, and lo! my equipage suddenly appearing from the very jaws of death under a wildly looking taxi! To say the next hour was exciting is putting it very mildly; it was hair-raising and back-breaking. But oh! the joy of sneaking along between a motor bus and the curb when the conductor wasn't looking, and alas! the varied richness of his invective when he turned around, and the quiver of dismay, spite of disguise, to be stalled in a jam beside a crossing over which two of my most sedate men friends were passing three feet from me! The crouching alarm when a taxi brushed my sleeve (we overlapped the small cart in breadth by many inches), and the fear that a huge lorrie would surely crush us to bits, and last of all the hasty and undignified back up against a lamp-post when a fire reel same swinging round a corner and nearly finished us. So ambling, squeaking with sudden fright, damp with drops of honest terror, for a weird hour by the great clock, we did busy London, and when I felt that I "no more could" as the German boy said, I suggested that my taciturn driver might take me to the region of his home, and show me where and how his kind existed. I got a baleful look that withered me, and this reply, "No I don't. Oi'll 'ave plenty on 'and, being late 'ome, but if my old 'ooman put a h'eye on me a' gallivanting with a lady, well —you get out 'ere Miss, and fork over five bob, and good-day to ye!" which, of course, ended my enterprising investigations. But if my correspondent wants a new wrinkle to try in London, I have no hesitation in assuring her that in following my experience she will get the worth of her money in an unforgettable hour.

LADY GAY.

ARTISTYLE MUSIC.

A Method of Bringing Real Art Into Every Canadian Home.

Those who have become familiar with the perforated music roll which accompanies a pneumatic piano-player have noticed running down the sheet a line of blue dots which indicates, according to its position, the amount of tone required. If, on the extreme left of the roll, the music must be very soft; if on the right, very loud. The manufacturers of the Angelus have improved upon this method. The Melodant-Artistyle music now supplied for the Angelus is marked for every bar of the music, a simple code of six characters being used instead of the dotted line. This marking gives a correct interpretation according to the composer's score and the "reading" of expert musicians who superintend the marking. It can so easily and intelligently be followed that even those who never have studied music can play correctly and artistically at almost the first attempt. The marvellous facilities of the Angelus for obtaining any variation in tone or tempo make this music exceptionally valuable.

Already scores of celebrated compositions such as the Chopin Polonaise in G Flat, the Brahms Capriccio in F Sharp Minor, and the MacDowell Erzahlung in F are ready for the instrument.

The Angelus which is the best of the pneumatic piano-players, is controlled for Canada by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, who are installing it as an interior part of their celebrated Canadian piano, the Gourlay. No musician should fail to see what artistic results can be achieved by the Gourlay-Angelus and the Artistyle Music. The warerooms are on Yonge Street, and visitors will be welcome.

The Personal Equation.

MR. BROWN, an average citizen, was introduced to a cosmopolitan group. Concerning the newcomer, the various members of the group thought as follows:

The Clothing Dealer: That suit he is wearing was made by Hart, Schloss & Strauss, sold by my competitor. I think the fellow has a dishonest look.

The Dentist: The tooth carpenter who put in that bridge certainly fixed that fellow's face for keeps.

The Lawyer: I remember suing his father once.

The Designing Mamma: He is a likely-looking young man. I want Ethel to meet him.

The Politician: If he's the Brown I'm thinking of, he ought to be able to swing the Third Ward for me.

The Physician: He is quite hyperemic. He is greatly in need of careful, scientific dieting.

The Minister: The unseemly ruddiness of his countenance causes me to fear that he is a young man of worldly habits.

The Undertaker: I guess it would take about a six-foot box for him.—Judge.

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SIX OFFICES IN TORONTO.

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14*).

give up Janet. In the last act the dramatist, at a loss for a reasonable solution to the problem of bringing the two together again, simply makes Van Nest roar at Stoddard in burlesque fashion to marry his daughter forthwith or he'll know the reason why. In short the first act is largely comedy, the second act approximates real drama, the third act is melodrama, and the fourth act is farce. But the staging is so wonderfully well done and the acting is so good that the average theatre-goer will overlook the looseness of the play's construction. The bridge scene is immense—a triumph of the stageman's art, and the other settings are quite as realistic if less strikingly impressive.

Too much praise can not be given to the work of Guy Bates Post as John Stoddard. It is strong and absolutely natural, and in its comedy phases delightful. Katherine Emmett is all that could be desired in the role of Janet. Shelly Hull very agreeably impersonates a young man who is decent and unaffected though rich and idle. Leila Repton is effective as Mrs. Suydam, who can not tolerate a bridge across social chasms. Emmet C. King assumes the role of Mr. Van Nest quite capably, and the other support is entirely satisfactory. Despite the weaknesses of the play, some of which have been mentioned, it is so extraordinarily well produced that it is a genuine treat.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"Septimus."
Princess "A Woman's Way."
Grand—"School Days."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Majestic—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Burlesque.

AN event quite outside the routine of theatrical affairs, is the first performance upon any stage of "Septimus," which will be given at the Royal Alexandra Theatre on Thanksgiving Day. This is the play that Harrison Grey Fiske has chosen for the second tour of George Arliss, the remarkable character actor, whose triumph in "The Devil" last year will be remembered by most theatre-goers. The play is the work of Phillip Littell, and has the unqualified approval of the author, W. J. Locke. Fate has given Mr. Arliss's consummate art largely to the development of stage villains. In "Septimus," however, he has one of the quaintest and most lovable characters in recent fiction. Those who have felt the charm of the story will be profoundly interested in seeing that charm reproduced by this peculiarly talented actor, among surroundings provided by one of the most artistic and thorough producers of plays—Harrison Grey Fiske.

To these who have not read the story, an outline of the play will convey but little suggestion of its gentle humor, its delicacy and its power.

An admirable company will support Mr. Arliss, headed by Emily Stevens and Dorothy Rossmore in the respective roles of Emmy and Zora. Other parts are taken by Laura Linden, Frances Wilstead, Henry Wenman, Cyril Young, Henry Hirshberg. Matinees will be given on Thanksgiving Day and Saturday only.

* * *

MISS GRACE GEORGE will be seen at the Princess Theatre all next week with a special Thanksgiving Day matinee—in her new play "A Woman's Way," a three-act comedy, by Thompson Buchanan, author of "The Castle Comedy" and "The Intruder." The time of the play is the present and the action takes place in a house on upper Fifth Avenue, New York, overlooking Central Park. It treats in a novel way of the old divorce question, revealing how a young wife wins back her husband after she has apparently lost him to a rich and fascinating widow. It might be entitled a comedy of common sense, for the wife announces to her husband when discussing the scandal: "She is a woman—and I am a woman—you are a man. If I cannot hold you I do not want you. We will invite her here and see." The second and third acts deal with what happens when the widow arrives as the guest of the wronged woman. The young wife invites both her family and her husband's to meet the widow, assuming that she will probably succeed as the second wife. The novelty of having the widow thrown at his head quite overcomes the husband. The other men with whom the gay widow has had affairs more or less important further complicate the situation. In the end the young wife wins back her husband's love, and he is only too glad to sue for pardon. In this piece Miss George, as Marion Stanton, it is claimed, accomplishes the best work of her artistic career.

MURIEL PALMER,
At the Majestic next week.

* * *

Lasky's Imperial Musicians will be the headliner at Shea's Theatre next week. This is one of the best musical acts in vaudeville.

* * *

The Majestic Music Hall next week will offer a London success as the feature, Mr. Fred Karno's Comedy Co. in "The Slums of London."

* * *

Fred Irwin, the famous burlesque manager, will present his new big show for a week's engagement at the Gayety Theatre next week.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

Mrs. Lang has been quietly receiving on Tuesdays in the VanderSmissen home, which Professor Lang has rented for the winter. Everyone is charmed with the bride, who is a very cultured and attractive lady.

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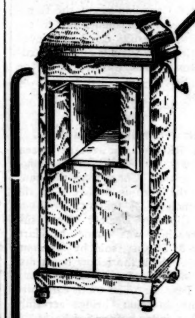

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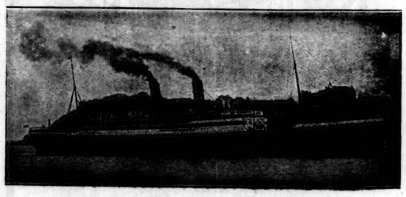

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From Montreal or Quebec.	From Liverpool.	From St. John.	From Liverpool.
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Nov. 5—Empress of Britain	Oct. 22	Dec. 11—Lake Manitoba	Nov. 24
Nov. 13—Lake Champlain	Oct 27	Dec. 17—Empress of Ireland	Dec. 3
Nov. 19—Empress of Ireland	Nov. 5		

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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

BROOKE—At 516 Markham street, Toronto, on October 15, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Brooke, a son.

WILSON—On October 15, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Wilson, 162 Ontario street, St. Catharines, a daughter (Beverly Frances).

MARRIAGES.

BAIGENT—O'CONNOR—At Toronto, on October 20, 1909, Richard George Baigent to Ellen O'Connor.

CROMAR—DAVIES—At Toronto, on October 20, 1909, Alexander Cromar to Eleanor Frances Davies.

DEATHS.

BURROWS—In London, Eng., on October 20, 1909, Muriel Acton, second daughter of Acton Burrows, of Toronto, aged 22 years.

STARR—At Saranac Lake, N.Y., on Sunday, October 17, Gladys Mary Hardy, aged 26 years, wife of Reginald Starr, of New York, and only daughter of the late Hon. Arthur S. Hardy and Mrs. Hardy, of Toronto. Interment at Brantford on Tuesday, October 19th.

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Malaprop Humor.

MOST of us are acquainted with Punch's joke concerning the son of the house who, as he gallantly escorted the beauty of the evening to her carriage, gushingly remarked, "I have been waiting all the evening for this moment."

It is (says a writer in Tit-Bits) an example of bungled flattery which compares very favorably with the remark of an unlucky admirer of the great French actress, Mme. St. Denis. Her performance of Zara has just been greeted with enthusiastic applause, and as she stepped from the stage she said, "To act that well a woman should be young and handsome." "Ah, no, madam!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, in his anxiety to pay the highest compliment possible. "You are convincing proof of the contrary."

Twice in one evening the great novelist, Charles Dickens, was guilty of an embarrassing malapropism. "I have distinguished myself in two respects lately," he wrote to a friend, explaining the matter. "I took a young lady unknown down to dinner and talked to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And I expatiated to the member for Marylebone, Lord Fermoy—generally conceiving him to be an Irish member—on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representatives."

Even these situations, however are not quite so embarrassing as that of a member of Parliament who at a certain political reception remarked to a neighbor, "I wonder who that homely old woman is over there?" pointing out a rather stout lady at the other end of the room."

"That sir," was the reply, "is my wife!"

"Oh, no, no!" stammered the confused Parliamentarian, "I mean the person standing on her right."

"Indeed! That is my daughter!"

The first Baron Kenyon was rather fond of telling the story of how, while on Circuit with Justice Rook, they entered a village just in time to accompany the population to the little village church. The parish clerk, anxious to have the congregation show due appreciation of the honor conferred by the presence of the distinguished jurists, gave out two verses of one of the metrical Psalms, "Speak, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be; or must not innocence appeal to Heaven from your decree? Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice swayed; your gripping hands by mighty bribes to violence betrayed."

By this time most of the adults had woke up to the application of the Psalm and remained silent, allowing the children and a few women to continue the second verse.

Thought-Drift.

DIM hour by hour through autumn's wane
The silkweed lets her plumes adrift:
They rove—they sink—and yet again
Upon the wavering breeze they lift.

No count is made of where they roam;
They are not found, they are not lost,—
Soft wanderers without a home,
Yet scathless to the sworded frost.

Not otherwise dim hour by hour
I shed white thoughts into the wind—
Sole drift of my life's vanished flower:
They are not lost—yet none may find.
—Edith M. Thomas, in The Atlantic Monthly.

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE FOR HUNTERS.

For the accommodation of hunters the Grand Trunk Railway System will run special train from Toronto to North Bay, stopping at principal intermediate stations, Oct. 28 and 29 at 9 p.m. Returning, specials will leave North Bay at 9.00 p.m. Nov. 12 and 15 for Toronto. Full information at Toronto City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

Commander Peary's "snow baby" may have been born farthest north, but there is a young lad in Kincardine, Ont., (says The Review of that town), who is a close second, viz., Herschell Stringer, son of His Lordship the Bishop of Yukon, and Mrs. Stringer. He is named after Herschell Island, where he was born. That island is in the Arctic Ocean, northeast of the Mackenzie River. He was born when his father was a missionary among the Eskimos.

Mrs. X (away from home)—John, did you leave out anything for the cat before you started? Mr. X (who dislikes the beast)—Yes; I left a can of condensed milk on the table, with a can-opener beside it.—Human Life.

"The preacher that married you says you only gave him a dollar." "He ought to be glad I didn't sue him for damages."—Answers.

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This then is the Victrola—the most wonderful of all musical instruments. But you can't know how wonderful it really is until you hear it, for the Victrola has a tone-quality such as is possessed by no other instrument.

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